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The Week

THE abnormally light registration in New York state is a much more sensitive register of the disposition of the American electorate at this moment than the way in which they divide between Republican and Democratic candidates. There is no tide running strong in favor either of Republicanism or Democracy, liberalism or conservatism. The voters are not moving or being moved. They are lukewarm and sluggish. They do not know their own minds and are not ready to take chances. But their immobility is not the result of satisfaction. They are uneasy. They have a foreboding that something has happened to the old balance of political and social forces which demands a radical readjustment; and they are hoping to obtain some light and leading as to what the readjustment is and how it will affect them. In the meantime they are afraid of it, and are disposed to disapprove of political and economic experimentation.

FOR the present their restlessness cannot obtain any political expression. It is so far from obtaining such an expression that many years may elapse before the American electorate will have a chance to express in a vote a vital political preference. But the day will eventually come when the ineptitude of the two major parties and their inability to translate into a political program the economic and social needs of the American people will dawn upon the popular mind; and when that time does come their accumulated restlessness may well assume the form of an impatient and subversive clamor for immediate results. It is really a great misfortune from the point of view of orderly social development in the United States that progressivism in the form both of liberalism and radicalism is politically so impotent. The major parties are not being pressed, as they should be pressed, to prepare their minds for a period of quick and lively political and social alteration. They will not realize when the landslide is really approaching, and they will by stubborn and stupid opposition to unavoidable and overdue reforms make it more difficult to avoid a drastic political and social convulsion.

ONE new fact in the political situation of New York is the combination into one organization of all the radical reform groups. The new American Labor party is a reproduction in this country of the British Labor party. It is the spokesman not of catastrophic socialism which looks forward through the operation of an inexorable social law to the triumphant dictatorship of the wage-earning class, but of an ethical and political socialism which expects to attain its purposes through the support of the workers of all classes and which seeks to build up a cooperative commonwealth by an essentially educational and experimental program. Considering the existing disposition of public opinion, the new party will not poll a very formidable vote at any election in the near future; but if it can keep together, remain true to its educational and experimental program and create to carry out that program a thoroughly localized and popularized party organization, it will steadily gain in strength

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and will eventually profit largely from the increasing ineptitude of the major parties.

WRITING recently from London a well-known English journalist who hitherto has supported Lloyd George, says: "Up to the time of the Genoa Conference he (Lloyd George) had an ideal, a pacific ideal, for which he worked with a courage and a skill which it was impossible not to admire. Since Genoa he has not been the same man. He has become a dangerous man. The appalling levity with which he burnt the British boats at Chanak and appealed to the Dominions for help in a hasty and careless moment of excitement was utterly unlike the old Lloyd George. It was bad diplomacy, bad taste, bad judgment, bad 'everything.'" There is, we believe, much truth in this criticism. For a few days the British Prime Minister lost his sense of political realities and talked and acted feverishly and wildly. But if this conduct of British diplomacy at a critical moment was unlike the old Lloyd George, his recent speech at Manchester indicates that some of the old Lloyd George still survives. It was a fine example of aggressive political fighting which will temporarily strengthen both the coalition and his own personal prestige. And however wildly he talked at the critical moment, he has, we believe, vindicated the necessity of his perilous and courageous decision to keep the British troops at Chanak. On that issue he can appeal with confidence to the British electorate.

UNDER the pending naval program France will spend 300,000,000 francs a year for twenty years in building up a fighting fleet. This expenditure is expected to provide 175,000 tons of battleships, 330,000 tons of cruisers and 65,000 tons of submarines, not counting small craft for coast defence. Apparently these accessions to naval tonnage fall within the limits of the Washington agreement, which France has not ratified yet and does not intend to ratify so long as the least bit of diplomatic advantage can be squeezed out of it. But that is not the point. Here is a country which is willing to perpetuate anarchy in Central Europe in order to extract a little money from Germany; which loudly proclaims its impotence to pay its just debts, but nevertheless proceeds blithely to commit itself to perfectly useless expenditures of hundreds of millions of francs annually. Perfectly useless expenditures, because there is no navy in Europe that could menace France except the British, and after the proposed additions the British navy will still be so much the stronger that in case of war the French ships would not dare to leave port. In the circumstances the reported Washington policy of discouraging loans to Europe is wise. France and her satellites, Poland and Jugoslavia, are clearly too much addicted to pernicious waste to deserve the support of American credit in any of their public enterprises.

A FIVE year moratorium for Germany covering not only cash payments but payments in kind is now proposed by Sir John Bradbury, British member of the Reparations Commission. Of course the French are outraged. They have been basing their budgets on the expectation of reparations payments, and there is no financier in sight who could make a show of a balanced budget for the next five years without them. The position is unfortunate for France. If at the close of the war, when the German financial and industrial structure was still sound, France had contented herself with moderate indemnities she could have collected them. The interest on ten billion dollars might have been squeezed out of Germany. But the French insisted on thirty billions. And while they were trying to get more than they could, Germany went to smash, financially. She can pay next to nothing, now. Give her a chance to recover her footing and Germany may pay something at the end of five years. Press her now, and she will never pay anything at all.

CHRISTIAN reformers who have hoped to convert the Christian religion into an influence making for peace on earth and goodwill to men have not received very much encouragement recently from Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At a moment when there was no demand for war on the part of the politicians, the munition makers, the soldiers and the one hundred percent Americans, it remained for some of the Christian clergy and bishops to advocate the despatch of American battleships and soldiers to the Near East. If Bishop Cannon and the Rev. Mr. Barton could have dictated the policy of the country, the American government and army would have taken over the task of driving the Turks back into Anatolia, of protecting the Christian populations of the Near East from massacre, and of setting up a political régime in that region which would keep order and satisfy the conflicting ambitions and interests of its inhabitants and neighbors. Let us be thankful that they did not. When Christians come to apply Christianity to questions of peace or war, they seem irresistibly tempted either to glorify war as the very weapon of God or else utterly to condemn participation in war whatever the circumstances. If these are the only alternatives to which the

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effort to apply Christianity to politics reduces a democratic state, it will be indispensable to exclude Christianity from politics.

IN proceeding with the payment of interest on her debt to the United States England is actuated, no doubt, by the long tradition of British financial honor. But British honor has a way of proving itself good business also. If England should ever again be involved in a great war she would be able to draw upon the vast financial reserves of America as no nation which asked to be forgiven its debts could. If we exclude such remote possibilities, England still has much to gain from a policy of payment. For a generation at least American capital employed abroad will be commonly employed in conjunction with British capital. The British will be found possessed of the franchises and concessions and the diplomatic support upon which profitable exploitation in Asia, Africa and South America depend. The British will keep the promoters' and bankers' profits, which will be the richer the greater the capital fund they can draw upon. And in order to draw freely upon American capital they need just such conclusive proof of national honor and solvency as debt payment affords.

CAPTAIN PAXTON HIBBEN replies to charges made in an article entitled The Reds in America, appearing in various newspapers, as follows: "That I am or ever have been a 'red,' am raising or ever have attempted to raise money for the support of the Soviet Government of Russia, the Russian army, or for any other purpose whatever except for purely humanitarian relief work as well as the bulk of the remainder of the article in question are absolutely and unqualifiedly false. That I was ever a paid propagandist for the Greek royalists, for example, is absolutely false. It is characteristic of the whole article that it states that I 'copied confidential papers and documents while employed in the Consulate in Brazil, and had to assume a careful disguise in escaping from the country.' I was never in Brazil in my life, never employed in a Consulate in my life, and never assumed a disguise to do anything whatsoever." Captain Hibben has sued the Boston Transcript, one of the newspapers in which the article appeared, for $100,000.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S order referring to the Tariff Commission all applications for relief under the flexible provision of the tariff law has at least the merits of a good intention. The administration of the law is to be elevated above the plane of executive whim and favor. If the President holds unswervingly to the order, the Tariff Commission might easily become one of the most powerful economic arms of the government. It could strike profiteering in special industries by a cut of fifty percent in the tariff schedules, or by clapping an increased duty upon imported materials. It could force industrial establishments enjoying tariff favors to reveal their profits along with their costs, and clear up questions as to their efficiency of production. It may be argued that this would be an unwarranted prying into private interests. No industry which receives protection can properly demand immunity from administrative inquiry. In so far as it profits from the tariff it is living at public expense and owes the public a thorough accounting.

IT is fortunate that the protests of a few timid reactionaries did not influence the State Department to withhold a vise permitting Jean Longuet to visit this country. The object of his visit, to work toward the restoration of the international labor relations shattered by the war, is not one that ought to disturb anyone's sleep. American labor is not yet internationally minded, and M. Longuet is likely to be somewhat disappointed with the results of his tour. But so far as there are any results, they will be all to the good. Whatever moral support American labor can give to the European labor movement in its opposition to the militarism of the governments will count toward peace. It is a remarkable thing that even the most reactionary of Americans should not by this time have learned that the greatest menace to the existing order is not revolutionary propaganda but war.

OUR attention is called by two correspondents to the arbitrary conduct of judges in refusing to grant citizenship papers to aliens. The first case was in Boston, where the fact that the applicant had claimed exemption from war service was made the ground of the refusal. At the time the man had not taken out his first papers and his claim for exemption was entirely proper. Judge J. M. Morton, Jr., by his decision set aside a distinction made by Congress. His action is praised by the local press as an example of courage. The second case is reported from Alfred, Maine, by the Christian Science Monitor. Chief Justice Leslie C. Cornish of the Maine Supreme Court thought that he detected "the taint of alcohol" upon the breath of an applicant for citizenship. "Are you a drinking man?" asked the court. "I am not," replied the applicant." "Have you been drinking today?" "No, sir." "Your breath smells as though you had been drinking and I will deny the application," replied the Chief Justice.

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The American College

THE fundamental question before the American college today is what is it for. On the answer to that question depends the answer to the further questions, what it should teach and how it should teach it, in other words the curriculum. The answers to these questions cannot be given in abstract terms. They depend on the historical development of the college as a part of the university system, and on the relation of the college to the public for which it exists. The former took place in recent years under the impulse of science; the latter was determined by the spread of democracy.

It was scientific discovery which led to the elective system. The increase in human knowledge and the perception of the relation of that knowledge to man's survival as an individual or in society broke down the conception of college as a preparation, through certain formal requirements, for admission into the select company whose order had been perpetuated since the Renaissance. Not only was the number of things to be known increased by scientific discovery, but a new conception of the thoroughness and accuracy with which everything may be known was promoted. The increase in possible subjects of study, the ideal of specialization put forward by each, together brought the college curriculum to confusion. The professional schools which in former days had represented distinctly post graduate activity, under the impulse of specialization demanded more time for training. They found themselves in the situation of progressive nations seeking expansion, with a weak ill-governed neighbor on their borders. Naturally they entered and took possession of large portions of the college period with pre-legal and pre-medical courses. The younger and more ambitious of these schools, those of business and journalism, in some cases have remodelled the entire undergraduate curriculum to their uses, and the collegiate normal course has done much the same thing.

Meanwhile the abandonment of the aristocratic ideal in fact brought about a great increase in the number of students able to enter college, while the retention of that ideal in name constituted a powerful inducement to them to do so. The college became one of those democratic institutions, like the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in Mr. Herford's epigram, whose function seemed to be to give exclusiveness to the masses. The new constituency of the college, however, demanded something tangible for its money. The pressure to make college contribute somehow to success in practical life, in earning a livelihood or in social usefulness, led to the introduction of technical and practical courses, such as those in domestic science, dress-making, reporting, fiction-writing, piano-playing, acting and play-writing. Necessarily the difficulty arose of assigning credit in the same terms to units of so various a program as that to which the college student was invited. To reduce these to a common denominator was a task requiring instruments of precision which did not exist. In consequence as a means of calculating the requirement for a degree a rough system of calculation was adopted, based on the number of hours spent in class room or laboratory with an estimate of the relation of these hours to hypothetical hours of preparation. Democracy of the higher education was effectively achieved by the process of adding six credits in Plato or Milton, four in surveying or stock judging, six more in calculus, and four in botany or music, the total sum to equal one A. B.

This is the situation which is being considered and met in the various colleges in ways described in the present number of the New Republic. The remedies suggested may be summarized under three heads. The first is the simple one of limiting the free choice of the student under the elective system, and bringing about a balance between general humanistic studies on the one hand and special or professional work on the other by a system of group requirements, to promote both concentration and distribution. This plan, now of quite general adoption, is particularly explained by Professor Sherman of Illinois. He points out, however, the danger that this device practised by the indifferent student and the indifferent faculty adviser may become a merely mechanical one. The corrective is suggested by Professor Vernon in his remark that the student must elect a purpose, not a course of study.

A second plan of somewhat wide adoption is that of the survey course, to afford the student some comprehension of the field of knowledge as a whole, which may serve as a guide to his choice of interests and a background to which to relate them. The danger of the survey course is that it may become a tour through some region of knowledge, the students riding comfortably on the sight-seeing wagon with a lecturer to point out the Sehenswürdigkeiten. There is the further danger of exploiting such courses for profit. Open to numbers limited only by the size of the classrooms, they constitute emergency outlets for the overflow of a multitude of students and thus simplify the business problems of the college, administrative and financial. To students and college authorities they offer temptation peculiar to the easiest way. In recognition of these dangers President Burton points out that a survey course should not only cover but permeate an entire field. President Meiklejohn goes further and suggests that really

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to serve the purpose of unifying knowledge the kind of course needed is an analytic one, "which finds a method of thought and gives a student practice in it." In other words, the President of Amherst would supply the student with a tool rather than a map. The fullest development of the principle of the survey course is that described in Professor Erskine's article. It is particularly to be noted that the course in General Honors at Columbia which he describes, does not depend upon the diffusion of the influence of a single personality through a large body of students, but is permeated by the energies of a corps of tutorial assistants reenforced by the cooperative effort of the students in the course.

The Columbia course in General Honors is also an illustration of the third plan of reform which consists in the organization of the later period of college residence into a school of litterae humaniores which in unity of purpose and intellectual validity may rank with schools of engineering, law, and medicine. This plan is actually at work or under discussion at Harvard, Smith, Wisconsin, Nebraska and elsewhere. The idea has been carried out most fully at Harvard, where Professor Moore's account of it is illuminating. At Harvard the testing of a student's mastery of his special field, not in the fragments known as half courses, but as a whole and with reference to other fields, is extended to all candidates for the bachelor's degree except students of natural science. At Smith the special plan of work for the last two years is limited to highly qualified students. In the former the burden of administration is borne by the various faculty groups, but a large degree of responsibility falls on the student; in the latter the initiative is evidently taken by the student but the fullest cooperation of teachers is obviously necessary to its carrying out.

These two elements of faculty and student responsibility are implicit in every phase of the discussion before us. After all, the virtue of the American college depends on the human factors involved in it. Its problems must be solved in terms of human material. The plans put forward for its reform depend for success on the energy and devotion of administrators and teachers, and a corresponding response on the part of students. Without these they are mere machinery. It is certainly a hopeful aspect of the present discussion that this fact is fully recognized. President Meiklejohn and Professor Alexander both call attention to the fact that the college teachers of the present day are themselves the product of the narrowing influence of the elective system; President Burton and Professor Vernon emphasize the dangers in the democratically unselected mass of students. On the other hand the effort to work out the curriculum in individual terms, to establish a personal relation between student and teacher instead of the mechanics of the factory system is everywhere apparent. To the success of this conception above all are necessary college teachers who are willing to take education seriously, not as the cultivation of a small field of knowledge, nor yet as a matter of acting and instituting for large bodies of students, but as an individual service rendered to individual minds. Clearly the number of men and women available for this high calling is limited. It must be increased. But meanwhile the college authorities have in their hands a method of rectifying the ratio between the real teaching capacity of an institution and the size of its student body. The rigid administration of the final test for a degree may be expected to cut down the number of matriculants to any required percentage. It will be a sign of good faith on the part of the colleges to open the doors to such education as they ought to offer, only to the willing and the fit.

Eventually, Why Not Now?

NOW that the dust and the confusion which first surrounded the recent crisis in the Near East are subsiding, its remoter and deeper significance is beginning clearly to stand out. The happenings of the last few weeks open up the first serious breach in the legal ramparts which the victors in the war built to protect the fruits of their victory. The Treaty of Sèvres treated the Turks in substantially the same way that the Treaty of Versailles treated the Germans, the Treaty of St. Germain the Austrians, and the other treaties the Hungarians and Bulgarians. Its territorial provisions were supposed to embody the principle of national self-determination; and it did embody this principle in that it did not try actually to extinguish the national existence of the Turks. But it outraged Turkish national susceptibilities; it reduced the territory under Turkish control to the minimum; and in all doubtful regions it placed large numbers of Turks under alien rule. The whole settlement was fortified by setting up local imperialist states whose business it was to fight for it. France and Poland were leagued to prevent any change in the German settlement; the Czecho-Slovak Republic was the guardian primarily of the Austrian settlement; Rumania of the Hungarian settlement; Jugoslavia of the Bulgarian settlement; and Greece of the Turkish settlement.

The treatment received by the Turks in the Treaty of Sèvres was no worse than that of the other vanquished peoples, but it was less securely

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protected. The Turks were not so completely disarmed as their allies in the war. After the restoration of Constantine the Greek government, whose interest it was to safeguard the Treaty, lost the confidence of France completely and of Great Britain to a considerable extent. Greece was economically exhausted and her people reluctant to fight. The Turks decided to resist. Their resistance could hardly have succeeded if both Great Britain and France had loyally supported Greece, but the French and the Italian governments gave aid and comfort to the Turks, the result being that the latter finally gained a complete military victory. By virtue of this victory the Turkish people have won the right to be consulted about their political destiny. They are the first of the losers who are permitted to act as if the principle of national self-determination applied to the vanquished as well as the victors. The petty Greek kingdom, a shabby attempt to renew the grandeur of old Grecian imperialism, is subjected to a drastic pruning. The Near East is to become not a pseudo-empire but an easterly extension of the Balkan peninsula. It is dedicated for the present to competition and quarrels among hostile nationalities and their governments.

The Turkish post-war settlement is the first to vanish, because its fortifications were comparatively feeble. The fortifications of the other treaties, particularly of the Treaty of Versailles, are much more formidable, but their complicated design and their frowning front do not render them secure. Sooner or later they too will succumb, although less to the attacks of their enemies than to their own inherent weakness. The causes which have restored to the Turks the right to be consulted about their political destiny will eventually restore the same right to the Bulgarians, the Hungarians, the Austrians and the Germans. For the principle of national self-determination, barren though it be as a constructive leaven in politics, becomes in so far as it is ignored, almost irresistible as a grievance and as a revolutionary ferment. In relation to the European system created by the post-war treaties, there will be no denying its dangerously corrosive effect, for the treaties themselves affirm the principle for the benefit of the victors and repudiate it whenever it may benefit the vanquished. The victors, that is, are unfaithful to their declared rule of political salvation, and they have really no defence for their infidelity but their power to suppress by force any resistance to their decisions. Distrust of Greece and quarrels between France and Great Britain dissipated in the case of the Turkish settlement this sanction of force. Mutual distrust and contention constantly fomented by treaty-made economic and social disorder will in the end work the same destruction on the other treaties.

They richly deserve it. They were intended to reconstruct Europe after the most destructive war in history exclusively in the interest of the victors and by the simple agency of permanent coercion. Two nations, France and Great Britain, with the half-hearted support of Italy and the much warmer assistance of the newly emancipated peoples of central Europe, proposed to dictate the political destiny of the whole continent. The attempt had, of course, a justifiable aspect. The war had destroyed the military power and the political cohesion of the German, Russisan, Austro-Hunarian and Turkish Empires; and created the opportunity of replacing them with a national democratic federation. But the Treaties ignored the opportunity. They not only legalized the destruction of the defeated empires but they treated the defeated peoples as if the attempt to obtain their consent to their own fate was superfluous and in some way wrong. Such an organization of Europe was bound to create two fatal obstacles to its own endurance. One was the hostility of the 250,000,000 men and women more or less who were coerced into submitting to the "settlement" or not consulted about it. The other was dissensions among the nations and the governments who arrogated the right to dictate the political destiny of the rest of Europe.

These causes will eventually undermine the Treaty of Versailles. But if eventually, why not now? Many well-intentioned people have ever since the Treaty was formulated insisted on supporting it as the best attainable settlement and as the only possible existing basis of European order. They committed a costly mistake. The Treaty of Versailles was far from being the best attainable settlement. It was merely an arbitrary and essentially unbalanced compromise between the good and the evil forces at Paris in which the latter obtained the better of the bargain by working on their opponents' fear of immediate disorder. But the avoidance of disorder by invoking force to legalize vengeance and injustice was a fatal method of bringing to an end a war which was fought to save civilization. The Treaty from the point of view of the war aims of British and American liberals was not a compromise; it was a default and a repudiation. It is itself a permanent and a necessary cause of economic social and political disorder in Europe. Good people committed a mistake in the beginning by consenting to it. The best way to repair the mistake is to insist now on getting rid of it.

Americans who wish to help Europe can do it most effectively by repeating this truth and acting

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on it. An essential condition of European recovery is an increasing measure of European political unity; and this unity the European peoples can attain only by replacing the old empires with a system of federated autonomous national democracies. The Treaty of Versailles erects an impossible barrier against such a substitution. Having ignored the consent and violated the legitimate susceptibilities of the vanquished peoples, it is incompatible with democracy. Having broken up the old empires in the name of national self-determination, it hinders the new nations from supplementing their individual weakness with federalism because it has organized Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia into petty empires with discontented subject populations. By depending for its endurance on the sanction of force only, it sets up a military terrorism which renders any fundamental security impossible for the European peoples and invokes the executioner in order to compel its victims to perform impossibilities. If the United States had ratified this instrument it might have lasted as long, say, as the Treaty of Vienna. It was framed for the purpose of perpetuating by means of American political and economic power the dictatorship of France and Great Britain in Europe. But when the American government backed out, it was doomed not merely to a certain but a comparatively early and ignoble death.

The Senate of the United States by repudiating the Treaty of Versailles performed—quite without intending to do so—an inestimable service for Europe. It shortened by many years the period of insecurity and distress during which the Treaty had to be endured as well as the sharper agony of getting rid of it. At the time the real meaning of the Senate's action was obscure. The Republican senators explained it as a repudiation of the obligations of the covenant rather than as a protest against the impossibilities and infidelities of the Treaty. But the effect of the Senate's action was far more important than the reasons by which it was defended; and its major effect was undoubtedly to deprive the Treaty of one absolutely necessary support to its prolonged existence. American public opinion can repeat and consummate this service by asking Europe to face the necessity of radically amending it at once. A large part of Europe has already anticipated this necessity, but it does not wish or dare to confess it in public. It still hopes to obtain from the United States the kind of assistance which will delay the day of reckoning and avoid at least for a while the dangers and sacrifices which the framing of a new treaty will involve. But Europe will never obtain assistance of this kind from the United States; and it would be an act of kindness to proclaim this truth so emphatically and definitely that no further misunderstanding is possible. Then the European governments may be able to screw up their courage and tackle the job of cutting out a source of economic, social and moral infection, which so long as it lasts will condemn the European peoples to poverty, suffering, insecurity and irreconcilable conflicts.

Who Cares for Coal?

RECENTLY President Harding took a step which four months ago would have excited interest throughout the nation. He named the members of the commission which, under authority of Congress, is to inquire into the coal industry and set before the public the facts bearing upon costs, profits, the labor situation, the efficiency of the present system of mining. The President's recognition of the importance of the work to be done is shown by the character of his nominations. The members of the commission are, without exception, men of standing, of proved public spirit, who cannot afford to permit this opportunity for service to lie fallow. John Hays Hammond, former Vice President Marshall, Judge Alschuler of Chicago, Clark Howell of the Atlanta Constitution, George Otis Smith of the Geological Survey, Dr. Edward Devine and Charles T. Neill are names in which the public may with reason repose confidence. They are not experts, to be sure, in this special field of inquiry. But they know the value of expert service and the appropriation provided for the expenses of the commission, although meagre, will suffice to procure such expert service as may be indispensable.

The President is alive to the necessity of getting at the facts as to the coal supply. Is the public? Not if the press offers a fair sample of public opinion. There has been little comment on the appointment of the commission, and that for the most part perfunctory. It is assumed that a thousand and one things are more interesting to the general reader than any coal inquiry could be. We found ourselves, two months ago, facing the prospect of a winter of heatless days. It was an intensely disagreeable prospect. But luckily the strike came to an end somehow, and our coal bins are gradually filling. And we'd much rather not think about the distress which might have fallen to our lot. The Freudians have a pat explanation of our rather illogical attitude. Unconsciously we are putting ourselves through a systematic course in forgetting.

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That would be a beneficent conservation of nervous energy if the coal crisis were among the phenomena of unique or infrequent and unpredictable occurrence. It is fortunate for the inhabitants of Martinique that they forget about Mont Pelée, and for the vineyardists on the slopes of Vesuvius that lava flows burn themselves promptly out of the memory. But a coal crisis is a very different matter. Unless conditions are radically changed it is bound to recur, and to recur within a period brief enough to be of present significance. Nobody, we believe, will maintain for an instant that conditions have been changed materially in the coal industry. The strike settlement represented nothing more than a truce, and a truce which contains within it the seeds of further fighting.

To put it baldly, the strike was continued, not to the point of victory for any principle, but to the point where the public hunger guaranteed prices sufficient to employ all the miners who wish to work at wages satisfactory to themselves, while at the same time affording profits ample enough to recoup the operators for their strike losses. This happy condition is good for four months, or at most six. At the end of that period coal reserves will again be heaping up. Both miners and operators will have built up their war chests, and the underlying conditions making for strife will again emerge. An armed peace will be maintained for a time—perhaps only one year, perhaps two. Then we may expect another struggle, not in the spring and summer when most of the public is fairly indifferent, but in the fall and winter when everybody will feel it.

It is almost superfluous to recapitulate the underlying conditions making for a strife, but it is necessary for the public to bear them in mind if it is to appreciate the work of the coal commission and offer it the necessary moral support. We are operating too many mines, too large a proportion of which are improperly equipped or badly located. We are employing too many miners. We mismanage our coal transportation and indulge in reckless waste of coal, underground and above ground. The consequences are spasmodic deliveries, irregular operation and uncertain employment and needlessly high prices, to handicap our industry and trade. Under the conditions the coal industry does not pay a living wage and cannot. The occasional miner is well paid and the occasional operator profiteers. But the general condition of the industry is one of everybody's loss and nobody's gain. That is a condition which must be remedied before we can have even a semblance of peace and order in the industry.

It is not the only condition, however. The existence side by side of unionized and non-union fields, of modern industrial freedom and mediaeval peonage, is incompatible with a stable peace. The American people will have to make up their minds on the question whether they prefer the working conditions of West Virginia or those of the central competitive belt. And they need more light.

Equipped as we are now with a competent commission, provided with considerable if not ample funds and possessed of powers apparently adequate to disclose the relevant facts, we may, if we choose, secure all the information we require as a basis for a rational coal policy. On the one condition, however, that we actively interest ourselves in the work of the commission. If the attitude of the public is one of apathy the commission is likely to accomplish nothing more than the compilation of an unreadable report. The commission will encounter the stubborn resistance of all those who hold a vested interest in concealment and darkness, and without the moral support of an interested public it is likely to follow the easy method of sidestepping the inquiries that prove difficult, contentious and valuable. The public interest can make the commission go to the bottom of the problem. Nothing else can.

Do we care for the facts on the coal industry? If we do not we shall not get them. If we do not have them we shall drift blindly toward the next coal crisis, and cry out in impotent rage against operators and workers, when it pinches us. We shall not be able to see it then, but we can see it now with sufficient clearness, that the real culprits will be ourselves. We shall have only ourselves to blame if we permit this opportunity for effective action to lapse.

The New
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The Mental Age of Americans

This is the first of a series of six articles, an analysis and estimate of intelligence tests. It is a critical inquiry into the claim, now widely made and accepted, that the psychologists have invented a method of measuring the inborn intelligence of all people. The series will discuss what sort of measure the tests furnish, beginning with a description of how the tests are made up. It goes on to discuss the claim that psychologists test intelligence which is fixed by heredity, and is therefore more or less impervious to education and environment. It concludes with some comment on the future usefulness of the tests.—THE EDITORS.

A STARTLING bit of news has recently been unearthed and is now being retailed by the credulous to the gullible. "The *average* mental age of Americans," says Mr. Lothrop Stoddard in The Revolt Against Civilization, "is only about fourteen."

Mr. Stoddard did not invent this astonishing conclusion. He found it ready-made in the writings of a number of other writers. They in their turn got the conclusion by misreading the data collected in the army intelligence tests. For the data themselves lead to no such conclusion. It is impossible that they should. It is quite impossible for honest statistics to show that the average adult intelligence of a representative sample of the nation is that of an immature child in that same nation. The average adult intelligence cannot be less than the average adult intelligence, and to anyone who knows what the words "mental age" mean, Mr. Stoddard's remark is precisely as silly as if he had written that the average mile was three quarters of a mile long.

The trouble is that Mr. Stoddard uses the words "mental age" without explaining either to himself or to his readers how the conception of "mental age" is derived. He was in such an enormous hurry to predict the downfall of civilization that he could not pause long enough to straighten out a few simple ideas. The result is that he snatches at a few scarifying statistics and uses them as a base upon which to erect a glittering tower of generalities. For the statement that the average mental age of Americans is only about fourteen is not inaccurate. It is not incorrect. It is nonsense.

Mental age is a yard stick invented by a school of psychologists to measure "intelligence." It is not easy, however, to make a measure of intelligence and the psychologists have never agreed on a definition. This quandary presented itself to Alfred Binet. For years he had tried to reach a definition of intelligence and always he had failed. Finally he gave up the attempt, and started on another tack. He then turned his attention to the practical problem of distinguishing the "backward" child from the "normal" child in the Paris schools. To do this he had to know what was a normal child. Difficult as this promised to be, it was a good deal easier than the attempt to define intelligence. For Binet concluded, quite logically, that the standard of a normal child of any particular age was something or other which an arbitrary percentage of children of that age could do. Binet therefore decided to consider "normal" those abilities which were common to between 65 and 75 percent of the children of a particular age. In deciding on these percentages he thus decided to consider at least twenty-five percent of the children as backward. He might just as easily have fixed a percentage which would have classified ten percent of the children as backward, or fifty percent.

Having fixed a percentage which he would henceforth regard as "normal" he devoted himself to collecting questions, stunts and puzzles of various sorts, hard ones and easy ones. At the end he settled upon fifty-four tests, each of which he guessed and hoped would test some element of intelligence; all of which together would test intelligence as a whole. Binet then gave these tests in Paris to two hundred school children who ranged from three to fifteen years of age. Whenever he found a test that about sixty-five percent of the children of the same age could pass he called that a Binet test of intelligence for that age. Thus a mental age of seven years was the ability to do all the tests which sixty-five to seventy-five percent of a small group of seven year old Paris school children had shown themselves able to do.

This was a promising method, but of course the actual tests rested on a very weak foundation indeed. Binet himself died before he could carry his idea much further, and the task of revision and improvement was then transferred to Stanford University. The Binet scale worked badly in California. The same puzzles did not give the same results in California as in Paris. So about 1910 Professor L. M. Terman undertook to revise them. He followed Binet's method. Like Binet he would guess at a stunt which might indicate intelligence, and then try it out on about 2,300 people of various ages, including 1,700 children "in a community

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of average social status." By editing, rearranging and supplementing the original Binet tests he finally worked out a series of tests for each age which the average child of that age in about one hundred Californian children could pass.

The puzzles which this average child among a hundred Californian children of the same age about the year 1913 could answer are the yardstick by which "mental age" is measured in what is known as the Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon Scale. Each correct answer gives a credit of two months' mental age. So if a child of seven can answer all tests up to the seven-year-old tests perfectly, and cannot answer any of the eight-year-old tests, his total score is seven years. He is said to test "at age," and his "intelligence quotient" or "I. Q." is unity or 100 percent. Anybody's I. Q. can be figured, therefore, by dividing his mental age by his actual age. A child of five who tests at four years' mental age has an I. Q. of 80 (4/5=.80). A child of five who tests at six years' mental age has an I. Q. of 120 (6/5=1.20).

The aspect of all this which matters is that "mental age" is simply the average performance with certain rather arbitrary problems. The thing to keep in mind is that all the talk about "a mental age of fourteen" goes back to the performance of eighty-two California school children in 1913-14. Their success and failures on the days they happened to be tested have become embalmed and consecrated as the measure of human intelligence. By means of that measure writers like Mr. Stoddard fix the relative values of all the peoples of the earth and of all social classes within the nations. They don't know they are doing this, however, because Mr. Stoddard at least is quite plainly taking everything at second hand.

However, I am willing for just a moment to grant that Mr. Terman in California has worked out a test for the different ages of a growing child. But I insist that anyone who uses the words "mental age" should remember that Mr. Terman reached his test by seeing what the average child of an age group could do. If his group is too small or is untypical his test is in the same measure inaccurate.

Remembering this, we come to the army tests. Here we are dealing at once with men all of whom are over the age of the mental scale. For the Stanford-Binet scale ends at "sixteen years." It assumes that intelligence stops developing at sixteen and everybody sixteen and over is therefore treated as "adult" or as "superior adult." Now the adult Stanford-Binet tests were "standardized chiefly on the basis of results from 400 adults" (Terman p. 13) "of moderate success and of very limited educational advantages" and also thirty-two high school pupils from sixteen to twenty years of age. Among these adults those who tested close together have the honor of being considered the standard of average adult intelligence.

Before the army tests came along, when anyone talked about the average adult he was talking about a few hundred Californians. The army tested about 1,700,000 adult men. But it did not use the Binet system of scoring by mental ages. It scored by a system of points which we need not stop to describe. Naturally enough everyone interested in mental testing wanted to know whether the army tests agreed in any way with the Stanford-Binet mental age standard. So by another process, which need also not be described, the results of the army tests were translated into Binet terms. The result of this translation is the table which has so badly misled poor Mr. Stoddard. This table showed that the average of the army did not agree at all with the average of Mr. Terman's Californians. There were then two things to do. One was to say that the average intelligence of 1,700,000 men was a more representative average than that of four hundred men. The other was to pin your faith to the four hundred men and insist they gave the true average.

Mr. Stoddard chose the average of four hundred rather than the average of 1,700,000 because he was in such haste to write his own book that he never reached page 785 of Psychological Examining in the United States Army, the volume of the data edited by Major Yerkes.* He would have

* "For norms of adult intelligence the results of the Army examinations are undoubtedly the most representative. It is customary to say that the mental age of the average adult is about sixteen years. This figure is based, however, upon examinations of only 62 persons. . . . This group is too small to give very reliable results and is furthermore probably not typical." Psychological Examining in the United States Army, p. 785.

The reader will note that Major Yerkes and his colleagues assert that the Stanford standard of adult intelligence is based on only sixty-two cases. This is a reference to page 49 of Mr. Terman's book on the Stanford Revision of the Binet-Simon Scale. But page 13 of the same book speaks of 400 adults being the basis on which the adult tests were standardized. I have used this larger figure because it is more favorable to the Stanford-Binet scale.

It should also be remarked that the army figures are not the absolute figures but the results of a "sample of the white draft" consisting of nearly 100,000 recruits. In strictest accuracy we ought to say then that the disagreement between army and Stanford-Binet results derives from conclusions drawn from 100,000 cases as against 400.

If these 100,000 recruits are not a fair sample of the nation, as they probably are not, then in addition to saying that the army tests contradict the Stanford-Binet scale, we ought to add that the army tests are themselves no reliable basis for measuring the average American mentality.

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found there a clear warning against the blunder he was about to commit, the blunder of treating the average of a small number of instances as more valid than the average of a large number.

But instead of pausing to realize that the army tests had knocked the Stanford-Binet measure of adult intelligence into a cocked hat, he wrote his book in the belief that the Stanford measure is as good as it ever was. This is not intelligent. It leads one to suspect that Mr. Stoddard is a propagandist with a tendency to put truth not in the first place but in the second. It leads one to suspect, after such a beginning, that the real promise and value of the investigation which Binet started is in danger of gross perversion by muddleheaded and prejudiced men.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

(*To be continued next week*)

To an Inquirer

(R. L. R.)

It is better sometimes that there be no fruit,
Only a mist of blossom blown away:
If never flower had ripened from the root
Long since, it would be Eden still, they say.

Yet if the tempering and seasoning
May come to you as they have come to me,
I wish for you the broken breath of spring
And the salt of wintry cypress by the sea.

Watch how a petal drifts upon your hand
And dims and withers. Watch a thistle passing,
Light in the air. Watch how the waters stand
And fall along the shore, ebbing and massing.

Let other fools fathom the more or less
Of melancholy and of happiness.

WITTER BYNNER.

And Now at Sunset

And now at sunset, ripples flecked with gold
Leap lightly over the profounder blue;
The wind is from the north, and days are few
That still divide us from the winter cold.
O it was easy in the morning dew
To make the vow that never should grow old,
But now at dusk, the words are not so bold,—
Thus have I learned; how fares the hour with you?

A heron rises from the trembling sedge,
His vigil at an end. Mine too is done.
A late sail twinkles on the watery edge,
And up the shore lights flicker one by one.
Seasons will change before tomorrow's sun,
So speaks the dune-grass on the windy ledge.

ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER.

Alfred Stieglitz

Old man—perpetually young—we salute you.
Young man—who will not grow old—we salute you.

I DO not know, cannot know, when the thing happened to Alfred Stieglitz that made him a man beloved of many men. It may have been when he was a young fellow but, as he is an American, it perhaps did not happen with him, within him, until he had come into middle life. At any rate any man going into the presence of Alfred Stieglitz knows that, on a day long ago, something did happen that has sweetened the man's nature, made him a lover of life and a lover of men. It has come about that many men go gladly and freely in and out of this man's presence. Knowing the man you may not agree with his judgments on this or that piece of work, you may say to yourself that he talks too much, is too much and sometimes too consciously the prophet of the new age, but in a moment, and after you have gone out of his physical presence, something happened within you too.

You are walking in a city street and suddenly you walk more gladly and lightly. Weariness goes out of you. You are in a street lined with buildings, for the most part ugly and meaningless, but something within is now telling you that a breath can blow even this colossal stone and brick ugliness away. Again, and now quite definitely and permanently you know that, although men have blundered terribly in building up the physical world about themselves and although most men have been incurably poisoned by the ugliness created by men, there is at the very heart of humanity a something sweet and sound that has always found and always will find among men, here and there an individual to strive all his life to give voice to man's inner sweetness and health.

As for myself, I have quite definitely come to the conclusion that there is in the world a thing one thinks of as maleness that is represented by such men as Alfred Stieglitz. It has something to do with the craftsman's love of his tools and his materials. In an age when practically all men have turned from that old male love of good work well done and have vainly hoped that beauty might be brought into the world wholesale, as Mr. Ford manufactures automobiles, there has always been, here in America, this one man who believed in no such nonsense, who perhaps often stood utterly alone, without fellows, fighting an old, man's fight for man's old inheritance—the right to his tools, his materials, and the right to make what is sound and sweet in himself articulate through his handling of tools and materials.

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There is something definite to be said in this matter, something very important to be said. Whether or not I am clear-headed enough to say it I can't be sure. What I do know is that, in some way, the figure of Alfred Stieglitz stands at the heart of the matter. What I think I believe is that we Americans, in the age that has just passed, have been a very sick people. Let me speak of that for a moment. To me it seems that the outward signs of that impotence that is the natural result of long illness are all about us in America. It is to be seen in the city skyscrapers, in the cowboy plays in our moving picture theatres and in our childish liking of the type of statesman who boasts of walking softly and carrying a big stick. True maleness does not boast of its maleness. Only truly strong men can be gentle, tender, patient, and kindly; and sentimental male strutting is perhaps always but an outpouring of poison from the bodies of impotent men. Might it not be that with the coming into general use of machinery men did lose the grip of what is perhaps the most truly important of man's functions in life—the right every man has always before held dearest of all his human possessions, the right in short to stand alone in the presence of his tools and his materials and with those tools and materials to attempt to twist, to bend, to form something that will be the expression of his inner hunger for the truth that is his own and that is beauty. A year ago Mr. Gilbert Cannan made this dark and threatening comment on our modern life. "Befoul the workman's tools and materials long enough," said Mr. Cannan, "and in the end the workman will turn on you and kill you."

I myself think we have gone rather far on the road of befouling. To me it seems that the Ford automobile is about the final and absolute expression of our mechanical age—and is not the Ford car an ugly and ill-smelling thing? And against the Ford car and the vast Ford factories out in Detroit I would like to put for a moment the figure of Alfred Stieglitz as the craftsman of genius, in short the artist. Born into a mechanical age and having lived in an age when practically all American men followed the false gods of cheapness and expediency, he has kept the faith. To me his life is a promise that the craftsmen, who are surely to be reborn into the world, will not have to kill in order to come back into their old inheritance. Against the day of their coming again Alfred Stieglitz has held to the old faith with an iron grip. Through perhaps almost the single strength of this man, something has been kept alive here in America that we had all come near to forgetting.

I have been walking in the streets of New York and thinking of my friend Alfred Stieglitz and suddenly he no longer stands alone. Certain other figures appear and in them I understand in him certain impulses I have not always understood. I have myself come into the years of manhood in an age of Ford factories, and often enough I have run with the pack. Too often in my own work I have not been patient enough. I have stopped half way, have not gone all the way. Shame comes to me and suddenly memories appear. I remember that when I was a lad in Ohio there were in my town certain fine old workmen come down into our new age out of an older time. In fancy now I see again two such men, and hear them speaking of their work as they stand idling in the evening before one of the stores of my town. The lad, who was myself, is fascinated by their talk and stands behind them, listening. And now suddenly one of the workmen has remembered something he wants to explain to his fellow. They are both wagon-makers and each, in his young manhood, has served his long years of apprenticeship and has gone on his workman's journey. The workman who is talking is trying to explain to his fellow how, in a certain shop where he once worked in the state of Vermont, they made a wagon felloe.

"You come on," he says, and the two old men go away together along the street in the dusk of a summer evening with a boy tagging at their heels. How sharply their figures remain in my mind, the two old lovers filled with a man's love, we moderns have almost forgotten. And now they have gone to one of the two wagon shops in the town, and one of them has lighted a lamp and has opened his chest of tools. How affectionately he handles them, and how bright and clean and sharp the tools are. He begins fitting two pieces of wood together. "At that place I was telling you about we did it like this. Afterward I found out a quicker way but I believe the harder way is the best. It makes a better joint, stands up better in all kinds of weather; that's what I mean," the old workman says—and how sharply his figure comes back to me now as I think of Alfred Stieglitz, the prophet of the old workmen—who by the intensity of his love of tools and materials has made himself such an outstanding American artist.

There is another man in my mind, of the Stieglitz sort. He lives now at Cleveland, Ohio, where he runs a book store, but some twenty years ago he came to America from Germany as a workman, as a church organ builder. On an evening last summer he walked and talked with me, and as he walked and talked his mind went back to his boyhood in a German town. He spoke of the workmen in his father's shop and their treatment of

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him when he was a lad, learning his trade. When he had grown careless the workman whose assistant he was, did not report the matter to the superintendent but took the blame on himself. Then the old workman and the boy looked into each others' eyes. "I didn't cut up any more monkey-shines after that," said the bookseller of Cleveland.

On Sundays, when he was a lad, my friend at Cleveland walked in the state forest with his father. Other workmen also came with their sons. One of them went to touch one of the trees with his fingers. Soon now that particular tree would be offered for sale and already the workman had put his hand on his materials. He intended to be on hand and to be a bidder when that particular tree was offered for sale. "After my father died," my friend at Cleveland said, "I went to a sale in the forest and bought a tree just because I had once seen my father look long and hungrily at it, and because I knew he would want me to get my hands on it and to work it up."

And this man of Cleveland came to America to be a foreman in one of our church organ factories. He didn't last long. He quit because they used nails instead of wooden pegs in the factory where he was employed. The owner of the factory tried to reason with him but he quit. "Here you have to do things in a hurry, in the American way. What's the difference? No one knows. They can't tell the difference."

But my friend quit. The fact that nails were used instead of wooden pegs seemed to him a quite sufficient explanation of his inability to stay. He thought the nails affected, in a quite poisonous way, the tone of the instruments. He seemed to care about that. "Every time I drove one of the nails it hurt my arm," he said, and there was something that hurt him too when he heard the other workmen driving the nails. The sound hurt him. He winced when he spoke of it, and quite suddenly one saw that the sound of the nails being driven into the materials he loved was to him what the sound of the nails being driven into the cross of Christ might have meant in the ears of a Christian.

It is just the spirit of these men that has always been alive and has always been kept alive in the person of Alfred Stieglitz, the photographer. In a peculiar way he has made himself an outstanding figure in the lives of innumerable American artists. In the beginning of this article I said that something must have happened to him long ago. He saw something we others haven't often seen. To me and to many other men I know his figure has been sharply defined, and as the years pass is becoming more and more sharply defined as the type of the old workman whose love of his tools and his materials has been so passionate that he has emerged out of the workman to become the artist.

And perhaps that he is a photographer is significant too. It may well be the most significant thing of all. For has he not fought all of his life to make machinery the tool and not the master of man? Surely Alfred Stieglitz has seen a vision we may all some day see more and more clearly because of the fight he has made for it.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON.

Hard Times and Standards

A FEW months after the signing of the Armistice I wrote a pathetic essay, which the New Republic printed, deploring the collapse of standards in England. It is now my duty, for the sake of truth and love of my country, to inform you that, having touched bottom, standards are perceptibly on the up-grade. And there my duty ends. It will not, however, be considered, I hope, either impertinent or otiose to inquire a little into the causes of a change as creditable as unexpected.

The fundamental cause certainly, from which all secondary causes spring, is the bursting of the trade-bubble. With the hushing of the war-boom the profiteering classes have again become manageable, and can no longer impose universally their fierce appetite for the obvious and hatred of all that is above or beyond them. Of the dividend-profiteers many are completely ruined and hardly one has escaped with all his feathers; while the wage-profiteers profiteer no more, it being as much as they can do to maintain the status quo ante bellum. Thus the two great classes that were undermining standards are reduced, not indeed to impotence but to a moderate and less injurious power. They no longer rule the roast. No longer by paying the piper extravagantly do they exclusively call the tune. And, on the other hand, those classes which try to maintain standards are relatively better off than they were in 1919. Not that the liberal professions are better paid—their pay is much what it was before the war—but the liberal professions and the cultivated classes generally depend largely on securities bearing a fixed rate of interest,

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and these long before the Armistice had been reduced to half their original value and with the fall in the cost of living now tend to appreciate.

The consequences are everywhere apparent. To begin at the bottom: the streets are no longer completely dominated by the new rich driving furiously in high power cars. The "smart" restaurants are no longer devoted to that war-engendered brood which by staring, loud personal comments, disgusting table-manners and a mixture of insolence and familiarity with the waiters had made such places intolerable to the old fastidious clientèle, even before ostentatious ordering and tipping had gone far towards putting them beyond such people's means. London's restaurants are again endurable. In them, as in all the more expensive places of entertainment in London and Paris, American is the prevailing language: but English is now heard often; "school-board," though still common, no longer drowning it. The theatres are very bad—they have been ever since The Licensing Act of 1737—but a play that rises a little above the average now stands some chance of a hearing, which was not the case when the stalls were full of temporary officers and temporary civil servants (i. e., business men who had got inside the machine to tighten their hold on it) and the rest of the house of people exactly like them. At any rate, the music-hall comedians are allowed to be as funny as they can be—it is amusing to remember that Ethel Levey and Wilkie Bard were too subtle for the war public; and they are funnier than the cinema stars. But, indeed, in every corner of life the new atmosphere can be relished. The barbarians, one feels, are no longer everywhere "on top." Even before Bottomley was sent to jail, one may doubt whether the word of John Bull had not ceased to be law with the governing classes.

We are all very poor; but at least we are getting something for our money. Instead of paying twelve millions a day for the horrors of war and the expensive pleasures of the profiteers, we are paying whatever we are paying for a quiet life; and in this new quietude reemerge old standards. Men begin to civilize themselves only when they have obtained some measure of quiet and security. It is reassuring not to be insulted by every cab-driver, ticket-collector, omnibus-conductor, waiter, shopman or porter with whom one is forced into contact both before and after having been mulcted of unconscionable, and often illegal, fees; it is an agreeable surprise to receive from the trades-union class as much politeness and goodwill as one offers; it is a very great comfort to see dissipated, by no matter how ill a wind, that atmosphere of black-tempered suspicion which, during the last years of the war and the first of the peace, hung always between those who had something to sell and those who wished to buy; and it adds considerably to a man's sense of security not to begin each day in the expectation of being deprived, during the night, of food, fuel, light and means of transport, for no better reason than that those who produced them were unable to get exactly what they wanted. Towards the compassing of his happier state have gone, and still go, I am aware, great hardships: the profiteers suffer, and cease not to complain. But, if the business men who exploited our helplessness, the dislodged women officials who bullied us, the shopmen who hectored, the cab-drivers who tortured and grinned and the miners and railwaymen who threatened, really expect us to be very sorry for them, they are making an assumption of charity and forgiveness on the part of their fellows which an examination of their own consciences I should think would hardly justify. They abused too insolently their prosperity to get much sympathy in the hour of tribulation.

The immediate effect of the trade depression is that people having less money to spend on expensive pleasures are bound to put up with cheap ones; and of the cheaper pleasures one of the cheapest is reading. Librarians tell me that the increased demand for books in general, and what they call "serious reading" in particular, is remarkable. Reading sometimes leads to thought, and thought to criticism: the standard of political criticism, for instance, now quite commonly to be met with in the daily and weekly papers would, I think, surprise anyone who had not been in England for a couple of years. There is, I notice, a large minority, a majority some say, which holds that it would be good policy for Great Britain to wipe off the German indemnity and cancel the debts of her allies—on terms, without waiting for America to do likewise. Who at the time of the last election (1918) would have thought that British self-interest could ever again be so enlightened? It is almost up to the Gladstone, if not the Cobden, standard. Literary criticism lags behind; but at any rate it is better than it was when, in quite reputable journals, elderly school-masters and brisk penny-a-liners were suffered to mistake patriotism for poetry and Mr. H. G. Wells for prose. It is significant that two critics who have as little taste for Philistinism as Mr. Clutton-Brock and Mr. Middleton Murry today dominate The Times—not The Times Literary Supplement, which always respected standards more or less—but that great organ which daily thunders the correct opinion on all subjects to the British middle class. The theatre, I have admitted, is still very bad, but it is not as

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bad as ever. And it is worth noting perhaps that two managers, in the course of the last six months, have asked me the same question: "Haven't any of your intellectual friends got plays they'd like to send me?" The fact is, the stuff that was gulped greedily down during the war and the Armistice is no longer palatable, the people to whom it was, being no longer able to afford the nightly tickets and chocolate, or having returned to the colonies from which they came. Managers, of course, know very well that they themselves would dislike anything that my friends could write; but the public, they say, has become so capricious that for all they know it will like the very thing that seems most unlikely. When the Cambridge University players brought Troilus and Cressida to town and acted it superbly, they scored a huge success.

Against these symptoms of returning civility must be set, I fear, a spread, or at any rate no decrease, of superstition. Fine ladies visit, as they would their hairdressers and manicures, once or twice a week their palmists and crystallomants. Charlatans and even honest photographers can find fools enough to pay them handsomely for a glimpse of the other world. Banshees beckon in every park, and the spirits rap like thunder through South Kensington. Yet even here are signs of grace: the morning papers begin to laugh at the "lucky chains" which do no good to anyone but the Postmaster General; and the habit of refusing to light three cigarettes with one match, instead of being considered vaguely soldierly and patriotic, is coming to be reckoned the infallible mark of a fool.

No longer having money themselves, people begin to doubt whether the possession of it is so sure a proof of taste and intelligence as they had supposed. It no longer seems to follow, as night the day, that the author who gets most writes best. Now that an engine-driver neither fights for his country nor makes much more money than an artist, it seems likely enough that an artist knows more about art than an engine-driver. These were things one dared not say when Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Bottomley claimed, with entire justice, to embody the spirit of England at war; but Mr. Bottomley languishes in Holloway jail and the burial service has been read over all that was mortal of his lordship in Westminster Abbey. So when Dean Inge, in a sermon preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, described the war as a piece of madness and insinuated that no European nation was guiltless, the patriotic protests evoked were generally reckoned silly and the Dean was given reason. In a word, the intellectual and aesthetic standards of the trenches, the munition shops and the Sunday papers are no longer paramount; and so the educated classes are regaining prestige.

Very noticeable is the changed attitude of the young élite in both England and France: inspired ignorance has lost credit and the cry is all for knowledge and intellectual discipline. There is a slump in Dostoyevsky and, indeed, in all the Russians, save Tolstoy and Turgenev; and today it is the young, not the old, who are asking whether from people so prone to woolly generalization and hysterical assertion, so utterly incapable of criticizing themselves or anything else, much that is quite first-rate is to be expected. And provided it does not lead them to forget that War and Peace is first-rate, nothing can do more for the reestablishment of literary standards than a calm and unprejudiced revaluation of the Russians. Lastly should be noted the effect—indirect often enough—which is being made on this young élite by the Belphégor of M. Julien Benda.

I quite realize that throughout this essay I have been trying to discover and indicate flowers in a desert: they are rare and of tender growth. We are still far from recovering even such standards as we possessed before the war; the new rich, with their prestige, their ubiquity, their patriotism and their determination to call the tune and take no music-lessons, having first swept all down, and then put the roller over them. Unlike the slow erosion of time, their work of destruction was catastrophic, and like all good catastrophes has left a moral for the historian to point. It is no good getting rich quickly. Money can be turned to good account, can be made, that is, to improve the quality and augment the amenity of life only when its increase is accompanied by an increase of culture and civility. The little hour of the profiteers has left us with an impression more vivid than Roman history could give of what must always happen to a society that gets rich suddenly: it will be at the mercy of men and women who have power but lack standards, possess money and know not how to spend. And so these hard times may be for everyone a blessing in disguise—about their blessing for me there is no disguise whatever. People must go to school again; and, in straited circumstances, will learn, perhaps, by reading, reflection and attending to their betters, how to make something a little less repulsive of that wealth and leisure which their children will possibly recover. For, if men and women can anyhow curb their propensity to self-reproduction, there is reason to hope—so say the economists—that the standard of living can gradually be raised. Let us hope that it will be raised very gradually. Meanwhile let us, who have now to be content with a pipe and a book over the gas-stove, take comfort in the thought that though the standard of living has fallen the standard of life is just perceptibly on the rise. CLIVE BELL.

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Recantations

EUROPE, 1922.

PARTICULARLY when there is some reason for it, I like to change my mind. I find nothing reassuring in the act of going off somewhere, then coming back with the same facts I had before. That makes me think I may be in the rut, getting old, seeing things I want to see, leaving unseen what might jar me. These notes are lifted, here and there, from the pages of a diary of a trip through Europe. Happily, they do not begin to tell the story of the number of times I found that I was wrong. I call them Recantations. They are the things I changed my mind about, in Europe, 1922.

1. That the famous "secret societies" of monarchists in Central Europe were nine-tenths sensationalism in the press.

That is much too high. "Ehrhardt" and " Orka" and " Consul" and "Orgesch" are real enough institutions. What is exaggerated is their secrecy. However, I confess that even here I may be wrong. On the surface there is no connection between monarchist organizations in one country and those in another. There are occasions, however, when the timing of events as far apart as Berlin and Budapest suggests that various branches of these people work on common schedule.

2. That Alpine climbers (those people with gray woolen suits, feathered hats, knapsacks, hobnailed shoes and pike-staffs) actually climb mountains.

They do not. They ride in trains. The hobnailed shoes are for stepping on other people's feet. The pike-staff is a convenient instrument with which to pierce a Derby hat. The knapsack is not to carry resuscitants and warm food but to fall heavily, each time the train stops, from the rack above its owner's head.

3. That there is such a thing as a Blue Danube.

There is not. The Danube is the color of a khaki shirt. It is the second piece of water that has disappointed me. The other was the Yellow Sea. If the two names were changed about, nothing could be more satisfactory. The Yellow Sea is one of the bluest in the world. The Blue Danube is unadulterated yellow.

4. That a reign of terror still exists in Hungary.

Hungary is the centre of counter-revolution on the Continent of Asia. When the pendulum swings it usually swings with a vengeance. I went to Hungary expecting to find a "White Terror" of the sort some of my friends had described for me. I should not use "White Terror" to describe Hungary today. The Socialist leaders with whom I talked declared their situation was "easier," and cited only one case of straightforward violence in recent months. I found other evidence of the same sort. Hungary is still ruled with what is called an iron hand. Its government is still seeking to convert opposition by suppressing it.

But nothing I saw in Hungary matches the picture of physical brutality which I had acquired months ago, probably in company with a good many people in America. The front in Hungary has shifted. Terrorism, what there was of it, great or small, is apparently about played out. The real issue today is the attempt of certain patriots of the Middle Ages to foist upon a broken country the old system of great tax-free estates, peasant serfs and feudal landlords.

5. That I could always tell a fellow American when he boarded a train in Europe.

I can't. Between Berlin and Brussels there recently entered my compartment a man and a woman with eleven pieces of baggage, counting parcels. The man read his newspaper without looking at the front page, put his feet on the cushion of the seat opposite him, and commented on the inferiority of everything we passed. The woman alternately read Baedeker and asked what time it was. They turned out, however, to be Swiss.

6. That the Balkans are a great place for peasant costumes.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx lead, ten to one.

7. That the Italian Fascisti are reactionaries.

They are Freshmen. They wear a class cap or a button or let their hair grow long, to show which side of the social struggle they are on. You see them sitting around a table in their favorite café, in Milan or Bologna, boasting of the fights they hope to have tomorrow. It is my guess that not one Fascisto in three has any political convictions whatsoever. He is anti-Socialist because he still has some unexpended war emotion that needs an outlet, and anti-Socialism is a short cut to a tussle. There is not much stability about people with excess pugnacity and no ideas. I should not expect this to happen, but I think less expected things have already happened: namely, that one of these fine days the Fascisti may give a sudden jolt to their admirers, by turning Communist.

8. That the people who belong to "press bureaus" in Continental Foreign Offices, and whose duty it is to supply accurate information to travelling journalists, are always propagandists.

I found a man in Bucharest who makes one exception.

9. That the peasants of Europe are not interested in politics.

This idea belongs to a trip made a year ago that

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took me through France and Italy but no farther east. I have now been introduced to the "Green International." It is a two-year-old alliance between the agrarian parties of Rumania, Jugoslavia, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland and Bulgaria. It has command of one Parliament and several hundred spokesmen in the other four. It wants to break up great landed estates all over Europe. It is anti-Socialist. It wants land held in private ownership. The "Green International" may or may not go to glory like most other farmers' movements, once they get into politics. But at the moment it outsteps liberals, labor and its other contemporaries in furnishing a lively opposition to political reaction wherever it exists.

10. That the Sultan of Turkey, when he receives a visitor, sits on a pillow, wears a red robe and looks like the Arabian Nights.

He sits in a mid-Victorian chair, wears a gray alpaca coat and carries on a lively conversation.

11. That France dominates the Little Entente.

I know this is a theory popular with many Americans, and it was more or less my own before I toured the Little Entente countries. "Dominates" seems to me the wrong word. It is true, of course, that on more than one occasion the Little Entente has supported a recalcitrant French attitude as against a more pacific British. It is true that economics often dictate politics, and that France has substantial economic holdings in the Little Entente states: in Jugoslavia, for instance, French interests have bought the great Zaitchar copper mine, purchased a fair share of the country's timber-land, and furnished capital for the building of the railway from Belgrade to Nish. And it is also true that the Little Entente owes a great debt to France in the matter of many things varying from support at the original Peace Conference to loans of freight cars.

Still, "dominates" is not the word I'd choose. The Little Entente supports France because France supports the treaties. The whole existence of two of the Little Entente states, and half the existence of the other, hangs on a literal reading of the Treaty of St. Germain. The Little Entente would gain by such revisions of the Treaty of Versailles as would reduce German reparations and start the wheels of business. But when it comes to revising treaties the Little Entente is afraid of its own shadow. I think this is the reason it follows the lead of French politicians in so many cases. I should describe it not as "pro-French," but as quite determinedly "pro" its own interests. It may be imperialistic or it may be pacific. But that it is not French I am convinced, at least until another trip to Europe.

CHARLES MERZ.

COMMUNICATIONS

George Washington

SIR: In your commendatory editorial in your issue of August 30th, on Dr. Morison's introductory lecture at Oxford—which I have no doubt was well deserved—you quote, with especial approval, the following estimate of President Washington:

> A man of few natural gifts, self-educated, somewhat slow-witted, but with a far-sightedness, an uncanny sense for choosing men and using them, an iron will, and a moral integrity, that are essential to our cause, and would have ennobled any cause. . . . We now know that he had to wrestle, not only with refractory conditions and men, but with another self; his victory appears only the greater.

Professor Morison's statement that Washington was "a man of few natural gifts," could hardly have been made if the learned lecturer had read the state documents, and especially the personal letters, of Washington.

Whatever question there may be as to Washington's standing as a soldier, there can be, in my judgment, no reasonable question as to his standing as a statesman. Of all his contemporaries, none—with the possible exception of Franklin—saw more clearly the needs of the time for America than Washington. Long before the Constitutional Convention met in 1787, Washington's letters to his correspondents in different Colonies showed a clear conception of the necessity for greater unity and the method of bringing it about. His foresight was greater in this respect than that of the jurists and lawyers of his time.

He was "self-educated," but that was also true of Franklin, who, nevertheless, became possibly the most versatile intellectual genius of the eighteenth century.

What is Professor Morison's justification for stating that Washington was "slow-witted?" He was deliberate in reaching conclusions; but the conclusion was almost invariably a sound one. If he was, as the learned lecturer claims, a "slow-witted" dullard "with few natural gifts," then how can his acknowledged leadership among a group of men who rarely have been equalled in any period of human history be reasonably explained? Patrick Henry simply voiced the judgment of all who worked with Washington in saying: "When you speak of solid opinion and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man upon that floor"; (referring to the Second Continental Congress). Was it a dull-witted man who, with only a shadow of a government to support him, raised, equipped, trained and financed an army and kept it to-

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gether against professional soldiers for a period of seven years? Was it a dull-witted man who, after seven years of warfare, developed a new and untried form of government and raised the superstructure of the present nation upon foundations which have hitherto proved enduring?

Where in the political literature of the world is there a nobler or more sagacious state paper than the Farewell Address? I recognize that, in its preparation, he had the collaboration of James Madison and Alexander Hamilton, and possibly of others; but, in its final form, it represents his own views, and, in many respects, his own language, and its beauty "time cannot wither, nor custom stale."

His personal correspondence was largely his own composition and represented his own views; and it is only necessary to read these letters, by which he molded the thought of the infant nation, to realize that Washington was a man of great natural gifts, and, while deliberate, in no respect merited the lecturer's characterization as "slow-witted." He was a shy and very modest man, and these qualities, associated with his patient gift for deliberation, have erroneously suggested a lack of intellectual vigor; but the facts of his life show otherwise.

Against Professor Morison's characterization of Washington, I would oppose the very different estimate of Washington of an Englishman, Thackeray—surely no mean judge of human nature—when he said:

> What a constancy, what a magnanimity, what a surprising persistence against fortune! The chief of a nation in arms, doing battle with distracted parties; calm in the midst of conspiracy; serene against the open foe before him and the darker enemies at his back; Washington, inspiring order and spirit into troops hungry and in rags; stung by ingratitude, but betraying no anger, and ever ready to forgive; in defeat, invincible; magnanimous in conquest, and never so sublime as on that day when he laid down his victorious sword and sought his noble retirement—here indeed is a character to admire and revere, a life without a stain, a fame without a flaw.

JAMES M. BECK.

Office of the Solicitor General,
Washington, D. C.

The Church as War Maker

SIR: These have been melancholy days for those who hoped against hope that the Christian churches would be a bulwark against new war or who took seriously their sentimental protestations of zeal for peace. The New Republic quoted Dr. Jowett's eloquent appeal: "The world is again drifting into war. What has the Church of Christ to say? What is she to do? Shall she arise from her slumber or —?" The Church of Christ—or important sections of it—answered that appeal by exhorting the people of the United States to enter a holy war against the Turk. That was the plain meaning of Bishop Manning's resolution passed apparently without protest by the House of Bishops, which put the Episcopal Church behind any efforts "military or naval" that the government might adopt. Bishop Cannon of the Southern Methodist Church was even more outspokenly in favor of a war in the Near East to prevent murder. Not to be outdone by these orthodox believers, the Unitarian Christian Register cries up the same crusade. Fortunately responsible officials, plain folks and shrewd politicians have not been much moved by this exhortation to cajole, inflame or conscript American boys from farms and workshops to fight the new war from which our clergy will be exempt by the peaceful nature of their profession. The tragedy of it is not the immediate danger of war but the evidence the preachers have given us that they are in some circumstances more to be feared than professional soldiers.

For two generations American Christians have been trying to convert the Moslem world to Christianity. Now if there is one thing that is clear in the teaching of Jesus it is his thoroughgoing disbelief in violence. The contrast between Jesus and Mohammed is most dramatic just at this point. Yet the church which calls itself Christian is in practice loyal not to Jesus but to the prophet of the sword. From whatever Paradise Mohammed looks down he must rejoice in a delight greater even than the delights he promised his warriors, for has he not seen the triumph of his method in the church of his foes?

But I shall not press this argument on a church which long since explained away most of the ethics of Jesus. I shall instead point out these respects in which the church militant has revealed its menace to peace.

1. It has not stopped to consider the facts on which it postulates its call to a holy war. It has not taken account of the evidence that atrocities in the Near East are practised by whichever of the contending races has the power. It has ignored the terrible evidence of Greek atrocities not different in kind from Turkish. Still worse, it has failed to take account of the imperialistic plotting of alleged Christian powers which had led them quite cynically to arm Greek peasants against Turkish in the great quest for oil, concessions and strategic position. What shall we say of religious leaders so naïvely ignorant of the true diagnosis of the ills they seek to cure?

2. The church militant fails to see how impossible it is that the cure for atrocities should be war. We have securely survived the last war to end war; we have just learned that to remove the Kaiser from his throne was not to establish peace and goodwill among men; our ears still ring with the truth about war that at last can be told, and we are urged to start another war which will somehow bring peace to the Near East by the mere defeat of the Turk!

3. The church militant believes itself to be actuated by a humane horror of cruelty. Doubtless that enters in; it has inspired a noble relief work. But when Bishop Cannon calls for war he is not animated by horror of cruelty *per se* but of *Moslem* cruelty which is a very different matter. He is a Southern bishop who so far as I am aware has never been moved by the shame of lynchings to righteous wrath. He certainly is too wise a man to call for a military invasion of Texas or Georgia or Arkansas to make them safe for the Negro. Yet this is precisely what he might have done were disinterested hatred of cruelty behind his warlike fervor. The worthy bishop and his colleagues are guilty of nationalizing their pugnacity and their religious fanaticism as pure love of humanity. Let them at

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least show greater zeal for protecting minorities in America before they make us the policemen of Asia Minor.

The New Republic has heretofore opened its columns to a discussion of the church and war. It has allowed churchmen to defend the past. To the past much may be forgiven. But what will thoughtful churchmen say of this new fury which has come upon those who ought to be leaders of men in the establishment of a Great Peace?

NORMAN THOMAS.

New York.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Farmer and the Recent Strikes

SIR: In your issue of September 6th, you refer indirectly to the railway strikes in these words: "Is the victory worth the cost, in the way of coal shortage and disorganized transportation with all the attendant losses to agriculture and industry? We believe that it is. . . . But as matters now stand the unions are our one solid bulwark against sweating and serfdom. And the public can afford heavy sacrifices for the sake of their preservation."

This remark seems to involve two serious fallacies. If our bulwark against serfdom lies in violence and disorganization of necessities we are surely in a bad way. Moreover, there are four sides to this question, not two or even three. In a strike or lockout in a public utility the people at large have vastly more at stake than the employers or employed. But smaller and far more vitally interested, there is a fourth body which suffers intolerably through the break up in government these spasms involve. If the cost to the public serves to teach the public a needed lesson, *the public should pay for it.* There is no value in instruction, in which the suffering falls on the innocent bystander.

The abortive railroad strike has already cost the orchardists of California and Oregon from fifty to one hundred millions of dollars, a loss spelling bankruptcy to hundreds and partial collapse to thousands more. If the "public," through its lack of provision for justice and courage to carry it out permits this sort of thing it ought to stand the expense, not to throw the whole burden on producers of cantelopes, peaches and summer pears. When the strike was suggested, the price of Bartlett pears in Oregon fell at once from $75 per ton to $30. In the Rogue River Valley alone 2,000 carloads of pears were "already sought for shipment to New York, to England and to Cuba." So far as I can learn not one was sent out. The "general public" does not worry much over this but many thousands of orchardists do, and it is not strange than an extra duty of a cent a pound on grape fruit does not appease them. Half our people are agriculturists and the farmer is at the bottom of our political pile. He cannot strike nor profiteer and he is a victim of every form of robbery—strikes, lockouts, tariffs, subsidies, bonuses, whatever politicians can devise. No wonder he leaves the farm for urban labor, when in theory, at least, he is entitled to "a living wage." In the past three years, not one farmer in a hundred, the country through, has made both ends meet.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Stanford University, California.

[We do not see the fallacies. The recent strikes were costly to the public. But they checked the general offensive against organized labor. They proved that the employers of America were mistaken in their belief that the unions could be disestablished. And that we conceive to be a gain to the public worth the cost. We regret that any means so wasteful as strikes should be necessary to protect us against industrial serfdom. And we regret most of all that the cost must be borne in the main, by the general public, which is not a party to the struggle. If, however, the public had always insisted vigorously that workers employed in essential services should in all circumstances enjoy a reasonable standard of living it would have better ground to cry out against its losses.—THE EDITORS.]

The Equity Play

Malvaloca, from the Spanish of Serafin and Joaquin Quintero. Translated by Jacob Fassett, Forty-Eighth Street theatre. October 2, 1922.

WHAT the Equity Players have done for their first production seems to me sincere and straight as far as it goes. The direction of the Quinteros' play lacks now and then speed and sometimes in the ensemble fluidity, but it shows on the whole the able hand of Mr. Augustin Duncan. Mr. Thompson's settings, though somewhat cold and bluish for their Spanish uses, have the necessary gravity and hint of romance. But the choice of a Spanish play for the Equity Players' first production seems to me unfortunate. If they should do the play exactly as it would be done in Spain when well done there, a New York audience could not always follow it. And there would, besides, be something too artificial and perhaps superficial, too merely genre, about it. If they should be wise enough not to try to make a Spanish reproduction out of the occasion, they would still be faced with the problem of how to translate into the terms of the American theatre a thing so foreign as Malvaloca is. This problem would be how to get in such a translation the original values of the play and so to enable it to fulfill itself in its new terms. This must be always a dangerous venture. In Malvaloca the danger is that a New York audience will drop into the error of thinking the play simpler than it is and of taking too much of it as mere stage device and conventional theatre.

The play opens with Salvador—played by Mr. Frederic Burt—who is being nursed by the sisters after a wound he had got in his foundry. Malvaloca—Miss Cowl—his former mistress, comes to see him. She meets Salvador's friend and partner, a serious, passionate man, Leonardo—Mr. Rollo Peters. The sisters talk of their broken convent bell, La Golondrina. And Leonardo promises to recast the bell and restore it to its tower. In the next act Malvoloca and Salvador are in love. His sister has come to visit him. The struggle turns around Malvaloca's outcast position. But what troubles Salvador is not this, which is seen so clearly by the girl; it is his jealousy of her past life. The recasting of the bell succeeds. Malvaloca prays that she be recast and made whole again. In the last act the procession passes. The bell rings again. And the last barrier between Salvador and Malvaloca is broken.

A Latin art like this of the Quinteros' moves toward the simple in the sense of the typical. Individuals vary, obviously, but in general we Anglo-Saxons mistrust the typical; we are more stubborn and individual and arbitrary. Our disinclination toward the typical turns partly on that; it seems to us both a limitation and a tyranny. Partly it turns on the fact that we are not apt to respect mere mind very much. The last insult to an Italian is to be called stupid; he will be a liar or an adulterer but will fight about stupidity. We humbly admit being stupid, if need be, so long as our intention and moral virtues are not impugned. We have a sneaking reverence sometimes for mere confusion. There are still people among us who conceive Browning's depth to lie in his bad sentences and loose constructions; or who think there is something in itself subtle in a blur of uncut marble where we might expect an eye or a nose; who do not know that vagueness and confusion have in themselves no depth or meaning, except when used consciously, as a color might be used.

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And so we do not take naturally to a direct art, to the clear statement, to general forms, to the simplification that mentality more or less by itself can bring about.

When we think in art we like to go round and round, to bring in details, to loiter, insist, and reflect. Our art in its lesser moments—some of our American realism, Ibsen at his worst, the Manchester School of drama at its best—groans and grunts and talks it over, and twists and preaches and explains and bothers, often without ever hitting on the essential point involved or discovering anything that will convey the point. In its better moments it reveals infinite facts by means of details, of poetic style, of mood and comment. In supreme moments this art finds not only the ultimate idea, but—as when Lady Macbeth enters in her sleep or King Lear raves on the moor—hits on a symbol, a combination of the mind and the eye, that is completely revealing.

This method that aims at the revealing line, at the consummate, the typical, a Latin art like the Quinteros' is very apt—whether deeply or not—to follow. Exactly as the Spaniard's country has large outlines, has beauty of line filled in with nuance, with subtle variation, so his minds and his ways of thought run to the type. He finds large patterns within which there may be infinite variations of nuance. Out of all the mass of contributing elements he seeks some one thing, a symbol, a pattern, a finality, that will carry all, all the lyricism, imagery, analysis, and complexity that may arise. At its worst this method ends in empty generalization and vacant type. At its best it supplies the one inevitable and unescapable line that says the thing forever. In Malvaloca the very finality of outline to which each character is distilled, the essential line, that is, set down for each person in the play, is apt to escape our eyes. We were expecting more fuss about the effort. We judge that these people must have lain ready to the author's hand. But what happens is not that at all. It is an instance of what at its best is the glory of the Latin theatre, as seen in Molière sometimes so gloriously, the ability, to portray an individual in such a way that he seems actual and personal but at the same time carries on him the implication of type.

We may blunder in Malvaloca by taking for conventional theatre and stage device what are really strictly Spanish elements. The sharply defined characters, for instance, might be stage convention, tricks of contrast to keep things going. But in Spain one sees them hourly, blind singers at the doors of gentlemen's clubs; beggars in rags lying asleep by the gates of the King's palace in Madrid; country carts and oxen following after a state carriage in gilt and damask, eight horses in trappings and plumes, two liveried grooms to the horse. These sharp lines are realities. The contrasts are literal. Nor is the motive of the prostitute and her outcast state so much the same old lost stage sister as it may seem to us. Prostitution with us is hidden. It is a men's secret; a shadow we half deny. And if we have a case sometimes where we wish to keep both our ideal and the acquaintance of a doubtful lady, we have a way of saying that perhaps after all she has been only the friend of certain persons; which saves at once both our ideals and our faces. But in Italy or Spain a prostitute comes into a café sometimes or a theatre, or drives abroad famously. Men may even fall in love with her. But a man does not marry her or introduce her to his family. The bearing of those ladies in the last act of Malvaloca is not any more stage business than it is fact. Nor is the fight of the two parishes over the rival belles mere picturesque convention; it is a common occurrence, the recognized source of horse races, festivals and riots. And the speeches the lovers in this play pour out to each other are not always ranting, but rather the way a vivid folk has of turning to images, nicknames and proverbs.

The main burden, however, of this play's Spanish strangeness and difference and deceiving aspect of being far more simple, ranting, melodramatic than it really is, lay with the actors.

Only one piece of acting was wholly wrong. The rustic girl could never be nasal, vulgar; that is not Spanish, and, what's more to the point, it throws the play off. Mr. Cooper played his part of the uncle well but missed what might have been a real distinction. He was not able to unify and to simplify his details enough. His method remained oddly Anglo-Saxon. He needs to learn from the Quinteros to reduce his details to a single enough pattern, to find the inevitable line. Miss Cowl and Mr. Peters in the most deeply felt and serious moments were convincing and moving. And Mr. Burt had a sort of honest glitter that one liked, especially in his last exit. But the acting in general throughout Malvaloca diminished and confused the play. It needed to be keyed up, to be more vivid.

That is not saying the obvious. I do not mean that these characters in the Spanish play should be more violent or noisy, or that they should move about more, or throw off more energy. Not that at all. I mean that each body there should be a more magnetic and intense centre; each character in its own kind should be more penetrated and complete with its own vitality. Without this vitality in the acting, this intense focus, this effect of roots running deep, the play is hopelessly diluted. Without it everything seems too elementary. A play like this of the Quinteros' is built up of outlines, of an abundance of life distilled into patterns in the shape of characters, motives, actions and incidents. All these set in motion together express the whole. Each character therefore must have its own passionate unity, its completeness. If the characters have that when we bring them together, we shall have nuance, sublety, shading within shading, as we have when the wind blows on the water.

Miss Cowl, then, in that first act ought, before the drama of action begins, to bring on the scene the drama of a thing living. She should carry on her something there are no words to express, a kind of reality, shall we say, that would hold us as we are held by the flight of birds, the depth of water, or fire or silence. To put it technically, Miss Cowl, despite her beautiful delicacy of pain and shame, acts but a fraction of the rôle. She needs to charge her whole body with what this woman is: to put this into her feet, her head as it rises from her shoulders, her hands. She should whiten the top of her voice and darken the bottom of it. She should get a bearing that will translate those Andalusian shawls of hers into their right seduction. Without all this and more, her part is only an elementary stage figure with a few poignant climaxes.

Malvaloca, then, is not a great play. But it is not so simple an affair as one might take it to be. The authors know their business and have expressed their idea. But they build entirely on a certain quality in their characters. The point is this: Malvaloca cannot really happen until the acting in it exhibits a power and vividness that can create characters who fill up the outlines intended for them; for in terms of these the play speaks. The acting in Malvaloca must sustain characters whose actions are like manifestations of nature. We must be able to watch these characters and what they do as we watch the rain, the sun, the air, the fire. The truth we get is not in the comment but in the manifestation.

STARK YOUNG.

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Two Ambassadors

All in a Life-Time, by Henry Morgenthau in collaboration with French Strother. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $4.00.

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page, by Burton J. Hendrick. Two volumes. New York: Doubleday Page & Company. $10.00.

IT is permissible for the American reader to take some satisfaction in following the threads of these two lives from their remote places of departure, through the simple pattern of early struggle and success up to the point when they became part of the national design woven on the loom of public events. Walter H. Page and Henry Morgenthau were born within a year of each other, the former in 1855, the latter, in 1856. Morgenthau was born in Mannheim, Germany, of Jewish parentage. Page was born at Cary, North Carolina, of English stock. Both knew early hardships. Page's boyhood fell in the years of civil war and reconstruction; Morgenthau's was determined by the failure of his family's fortunes in Germany and the hard experience of the immigrant in America. Both made a fight for education, Morgenthau in the public schools of New York, the City College and finally Columbia Law School; Page in country schools and colleges, Trinity in North Carolina, Randolph-Macon in Virginia, and finally, as a graduate student at Johns Hopkins University. Morgenthau passed from the practice of law to speculation in real estate, and finally to the direction of large financial institutions and operations. Page abandoned scholarship for journalism, and after serving his apprenticeship in newspaper work became successively editor of the Forum, of the Atlantic Monthly, and finally an active partner in the firm of Doubleday Page and Company. In the year in which Morgenthau was capitalizing his experience by forming the Central Realty, Bond and Trust Company, with F. P. Olcott, Hugh Grant and James Stillman as stockholders, Page was surprising readers of the Atlantic with Kropotkin's Memoirs of a Revolutionist, and doubling its circulation with Mary Johnston's To Have and to Hold.

The threads of these two lives were drawn together by the Progressive movement and the appearance of Woodrow Wilson as representative of it in his campaign for the Democratic nomination for President. Page had known Wilson as a contributor to his magazines, and when in 1910 the beaten president of Princeton stood at the parting of the ways, Page went to him to urge him to take the nomination for the governship of New Jersey. Morgenthau met Wilson first in 1911 when as President of the Free Synagogue he invited the Governor of New Jersey to be the guest of honor at the fourth anniversary dinner. Both Page and Morgenthau were active in the campaign for Wilson's nomination. On his election he made them both ambassadors, sending Morgenthau to Constantinople and Page to London.

There is something impressive in this climax of the lives of two citizens of the republic, one a German Jew (and thus, as a school fellow once reminded him, doubly an alien), the other a Southerner, son of a state lately in rebellion, both from obscure beginnings called to represent their country at the courts of kings. As there were many similarities in their careers, so certain qualities stand out with singular emphasis in the period of their most distinguished service. Both enjoyed their missions; both developed a special aptitude for the conduct of the mysterious business of foreign affairs, and by direct approach accomplished diplomatic miracles. Page's letters reflect constantly his easy, intimate, informal methods with Sir Edward Grey. Morgenthau notes dryly: "I found that I could obtain the quickest results through Talaat and Enver. My somewhat democratic, business-like methods seemed to appeal to them. . . . Some of my experiences would, I am sure, fill a professional diplomat with dismay as regards the future of his calling."

The outbreak of the war in 1914 gave both ambassadors a position of entirely unexpected importance as representatives of the greatest neutral power, and one which held the scales of destiny. Both were of the same mind in regard to the responsibility of Germany. Morgenthau, indeed, believed that he had conclusive evidence on this point in the story of the Potsdam Conference, related to him by Baron Wangenheim at Constantinople, the importance of which later revelations have done much to discredit. This part of his mission, however, is treated in his previous book, Ambassador Morgenthau's Story, and is omitted in the present volume. The entrance of the United States into the war found him in New York, whither he had returned to help re-elect Wilson in 1916 He did not return to Turkey, but fulfilled several commissions in connection with the war and the peace-making, especially the investigation of the massacre of the Jews in Poland, a full report of which is given in the appendix. That Morgenthau should have been able to carry through this delicate matter with serene command of the situation in the face of Pilsudski and the Polish leaders is a remarkable tribute to his own address and the authority which his country for the moment enjoyed.

Walter Page's conception of his function as ambassador will remain a matter of controversy. Holding as he did the view that the single cause of the struggle was Germany's determination to embark on a war of world conquest, and that Great Britain engaged solely on the ground of the attack on Belgium, he considered it his duty to use all his efforts to bring his own country to the aid of the Allies. In this task he was naturally out of sympathy with the efforts of the State Department to define and uphold the rights of neutrals in the face of the British blockade and blacklist, and he complained bitterly of the legalistic contentions of Mr. Lansing's notes. "This policy of maintaining an outward impartiality and at the same time of bringing pressure to bear on Washington in behalf of the Allies he called 'waging neutrality'." With this attitude his biographer is entirely in sympathy. He narrates with unction the story of the Ambassador's hint to Sir Edward Grey by which the business of capturing the American vessel, Dacia, loaded with cotton for Germany, was turned over to the French. He goes out of his way to include a conversation of Mr. Balfour and Frank Polk, apparently to show that the American could take the war like a gentlemanly cynic of the Repington type. He shares Page's disappointment in Wilson, and laments his failure "to fire the conscience of the President." Page's letters to this end were voluminous. It was natural that, holding the view that the war was a crusade for civilization, he should have been impatient with any arguments for peace without victory. That his biographer should have felt it necessary, however, to preserve as sacred all expressions of this feeling, even when contained in letters to his children written in a vein of humorous objurgation, is unfortunate, especially when it appears that once at least the writer intended the missive to be destroyed. Undoubtedly there was sentimentality in the advocacy of peace. There was also a sentimentality about the war, from which Walter Page was not entirely free.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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A Page of Poetry

Youth Grows Old, by Robert Nathan. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company. $1.50.

MR. NATHAN has just discovered that May follows April, and the discovery has unduly upset him. Evanescence is his theme and he treats it sweetly, for there is an easy grace to his verse which lends it a real charm. And his theme, of course, is one of those old ones always sure of sympathy. But it is also one in which it is very difficult to be individual. For example Mr. Nathan's

> Beauty is ever to the lonely mind
> A shadow fleeing; she is never plain.
> She is a visitor who leaves behind
> The gift of grief, the souvenir of pain;

at once calls up Wallace Stevens's "Beauty is momentary in the mind."—Not that Mr. Nathan has plagiarized: both of them have simply rephrased a commonplace, one of them doing it effectively. "The gift of grief," moreover, suggests an unconscious memory of Mr. Nathan's part of Masefield's "Follow some Helen for her gift of grief." From such passages one takes an impression of the book: it is charming, but with the blurred melody of an echo, not the clearness of a new song. R. S.

Collected Poems, by Edward Thomas. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.50.

THERE are many sweet bits to reward the reader of Edward Thomas's poems, but in all justice it cannot be denied that this volume of his collected work is somewhat of a disappointment. It is not so much that his range of expression is limited, that he exercises too severe a restraint, or that he is content to treasure moments of too evanescent a substance. These shortcomings are no less virtues than defects. But Thomas's limitations of theme and form seem to result from the abandonment rather than the mastery of experience. It is a deep sense of futility, even fear, that leads him to toy with the sweet names of things; to hold on to the dear, safe memories of a past whose grief has lost its passion. It is as though the poet had not carved a tiny and precious demesne for himself out of the vast jungle of life, but had been shouldered out to its confines and was satisfied perforce to hug to his heart the minimum of things.

The technique of these poems requires a word. It is said that Thomas was much influenced by our own Frost, and in a rather loose way the resemblances between the two poets are obvious. But whereas Frost's drabness has a dry compactness that just prevents his verse from being as dull as it ought to be, Thomas's more slender talent and more refined sensibility need a less leisurely and prosaic diction than he chose to use. The stubborn rhythms too frequently lack poignancy, and his studied simplicity of phrase runs more often to flatness than to the naïve and unpretentious grace that the poet strove to capture. What Thomas might have done if he had looked more sharply to his syllables we may only surmise from an occasionally beautiful stanza. E. S.

Burning Bush, by Karle Wilson Baker. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25.

TO those who look for the union of a fine music with the flame and ice of an intense spirit in poetry, this book will seem mediocre work. The poems appear in many instances to have been written out of impulse rather than out of passion, and I, personally, agree that great poetry springs from a passion drawing from a great experience or dream of life, since then only can it have the strength of granite combined with the delicacy of fern. Burning Bush is the poetry of a spirit that has apparently accepted life and settled itself to converse comfortably with God.

A jagged rhythm frequently marks the poems, which are characterized by intimacy, but not greatness, of response to impressions. Karle Baker has imagination, but too often she allows it to be replaced by mere whimsicality, fancy and cleverness in phrasing a thought. All of which is delightful, but minor. Pruned, this tree would demand little but praise. For Burning Bush unquestionably contains fine things. Its author is a lover of the hills and trees and birds. Nature is beautiful to her with that beauty which is almost pain; and, loving it, she has caught in her verse some of that mystery which is behind all beauty. But why she will write

> In a world that wearies, sometimes,
> Of its hausfrau harvest-zeal for corn and squashes

when she is capable of

> Soft through the tufted branches the dim rain sifted down

I can't imagine. At her best, as in Street-ends, she catches that elusive echo from other worlds that is the overtone of poetry. G. B. S.

White April, by Harold Vinal. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25.

Dreams and a Sword, by Medora C. Addison. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25.

BOTH of these books possess a charm and whimsicality that make them attractive without arguing greatness. Both are first books; neither leaves one impressed with the sense of a strong underlying personality. Both show technical adequacy; both admit of defect. In Mr. Vinal's book one finds such pseudo-rhymes as "turn—borne," "terrible—beautiful," "gone—forlorn," "on—forlorn"; Mrs. Addison slips up once with "dawn—unborn." Personal response to the beauty, particularly the physical beauty, of the world constitutes the inspiration of many of the poems of both poets. Mr. Vinal has a fanciful eye and a gift of easy picturization which lead him, however delightfully, into over-frequent enumerations of objects of "old loveliness." His nature is a sensitive one, not yet roughly bruised, one feels. Then also, the influence of other poets is strong upon him—particularly that of Miss Millay. His ship sonnets, showing lines of fine beauty, are too often like David Morton's in that they possess grace, ease, ready imagery, but little else. Mr. Vinal shows promise, but has yet largely to find himself.

Mrs. Addison's mother love and the gentle human understanding deriving from it, add to the charm of her work, which contains a quiet vitality, and appears to be an utterance more directly out of real feeling than out of fancy. It has an engaging simplicity and naturalness. The strength of great imagination is not here, but there are some compensating qualities. Sympathy, for instance. Mrs. Addison's work is fragile but worth while, and in at least three instances—The Quest, In Dreams, and Ships, she has achieved striking lyrics. G. B. S.

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Four and Twenty Minds

Four and Twenty Minds, by Giovanni Papini, selected and translated by Ernest H. Wilkins. New York: T. Y. Crowell Company. $2.50.

IT is a sceptical time, as far as systematic thought goes. Whether it is in the field of metaphysics, politics, economics, the phenomena of general doubts are observable. The best minds no longer think that any system or thing is applicable in any exhaustive way to life. So-called conservative and so-called radical alike are wary of the generalizing habit of the mind and tend to cultivate the garden of personality and its genial though unprincipled reactions to experience. The conscious mind itself is somewhat in disrepute, and more relative emphasis is put on its intuitions, instincts and artistic impulses. Giovanni Papini represents this tendency of the time. Years ago, in his Twilight of the Philosophers, he showed how the supposedly objective thought of the metaphysicians sprang not from unchanging and universal reality but from the idiosyncrasies of each philosopher's personality, and was really, therefore, lacking in metaphysical value. William James recognized Papini as the Italian pragmatist of his time.

In these essays, strikingly well translated by Mr. Wilkins, Papini frankly reveals himself as a literary rather than a metaphysical thinker. This remark is not intended as a limitation of his philosophic understanding. The essays on Berkeley, Spencer and Hegel show that thorough grasp of abstract and universal conceptions which mark the philosopher. That Papini's treatment of these large views is clear and simple indicates the depth and thoroughness of his thought. When the metaphysician shows himself as such through the complicated confusion of thought he is least so. Through intensity of thought and philosophic learning the thinker works through metaphysics as through a cloud into the clear and luminous spaces beyond. In the present volume, Papini moves about in these clear spaces with incisive charm, with no attempt not to be personal, with, in fact, an engaging willingness to reveal himself, his loves and his hates, even his prejudices. But into these frankly personal reactions he inevitably inserts the color of philosophy, which is rare in general literary essays. One feels, as a rule even in the best essay work, a lack of background. There is hardly a literary article in our contemporary journalism which suggests the eternal passions of the general thinker. Without that, the essay becomes a matter of mental and temperamental agility, and of little value to the poet, the philosopher and the human being as such. It is for that reason that Papini's essays are deeply amusing. The mind and spirit are entertained primarily by the ultimate meanings applied to passing and specific things. Freed from the dogma of speculative systems, the mind turns to a deeper, more conscious treatment of the specific fact. So Papini writes charmingly, colorfully, significantly, about the Unknown Man, about Walt Whitman, Nietzsche, Dante, Leonardo Da Vinci, Ghiberti, Croce, Shakespeare, Don Quixote, Calderon, Maeterlinck, Remy de Gourmont and several relatively unknown Italians.

To judge from the free English translation, there is a genuine style to Papini's prose. It is a style that does not spring from any conscious attempt to ornament, but even when gay and epigrammatic, is a result of the release of thought. So it is Papini's thought which intrigues us. And that thought is rich and constant—the volume is full of ideas and the feeling that the writer enjoys them for their own sake. It is an easy thing for Papini to live in the world of thought, and his reaction to it is inevitable. Nothing pompous or solemn, nothing tortuously unclear. A beautifully lucid Latin mind throughout. And a mind unconventional and uncontrolled.

The only marked limitation that we have been able to find in this philosophic essayist is the lack of understanding for Shakespeare. It seems to be the rock on which the validity of Latin thought is traditionally wrecked. Papini, perhaps unconsciously, demands a centralized point of view in the literary artist. He needs to feel that a man's work is a man's life, means *one* thing predominantly, that some stable principle, some contribution to the spirit or to thought has been definitely added to the world's store.

He says of Dante: "To my mind Dante was great because he claimed and fulfilled a function claimed by no other man before or since his time—he sought to be the vicar of God on earth." He says of Leonardo: "Like all great men, Leonardo tends to make his life his masterpiece. His works are but the footprints of his path, stones that the master cast by the wayside to mark his progress, though posterity has mistaken them for the objects of his toil." Because Shakespeare stands for nothing, because he made no contribution to theory, form or philosophy, but mirrors with childish naïveté accepted facts and traditions, without reliving and recombining them, because he has not an adult intelligence, Papini, like other Latins even of genius, from Voltaire down, and like Tolstoy, regards him as barbarous and destined, with other relics of the past, to relative oblivion. For the same reason, Papini overstresses the value of a peculiarly modern and analytical intelligence like that of Remy de Gourmont., He writes of Walt Whitman with especial understanding, love and admiration. And yet we suspect that one reason for this is that, after all, Walt was in the broad sense a propagandist—he had a centralizing idea which he wanted to "put over." He contributed something consciously definite. Not so Shakespeare. Papini writes of Nietzsche with the same almost tender, personal love. Nietzsche is a "saint," but again we suspect that his sanctity was the greater, in Papini's eyes, beause of his penetrating consciousness.

The intense modernity of Papini's thought is indicated by his attitude towards the lyric. He feels all other literary forms, even drama, to be barbaric and naïve. Of Soffici he writes: "Like all the true poets of this blasé and exacting age, Soffici demands and seeks the pure lyric, the lyric freed from anecdote, from narrative, from external motives, from eloquence, from description."

The only democratic thing about Papini is that he heralds the glorious contributions of the Unknown Man, to which he devotes an essay, and in the essay on Dante continues the thought: "Every man who reads a great work, even though he be a poor spirit, adds to it some meaning, some pause, some intonation of his own; something of what he feels enters into it and is borne on to others who are to read thereafter."

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD.

Rose Bud Women

Rose Bud Women, by Mark O'Dea. Cincinnati: Stewart Kidd Company. $2.00.

SEX and environmental difficulties confronting farmers' wives in the middle west engage the attention of Mr. O'Dea in this book of four one-act plays. Lest one be misled by the title, "Rose Bud" has no reference to any marginal lusciousness in the farmers' wives. It is the name

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of a country town in Iowa. Of the four plays in the book, Shivaree is the only one to sound a note at all at variance to the weary one that has been rung out from the cracked churchbells of Gopher Prairies and Mississippi mudbank hamlets and listed as realism by publishers. The variance is not, however, on the artistic side. Shivaree is merely louder, more turgid, more palpably vulgar than the usual run, and if it were acted, these factors might be blended to create the illusion of power. On the whole, Mr. O'Dea seems to be trying to build a large car out of Ford parts. The vehicle wheezes, rumbles, groans. Mr. Pierre Loving, on the other hand, who has written a long introduction to the book, takes the plays very much to heart.

E. W. L.

Young People's Pride

Young People's Pride, by Stephen Vincent Benét. New York: Holt & Company. $2.00.

MR. BENET has forsaken the delicate impressionism of The Beginning of Wisdom for heavy-footed but sympathetic realism. His Nancy and Oliver are pleasantly wholesome, modern young folk waiting until they shall earn money enough to marry, and meanwhile striving against odds to protect their love from the sorry consequences of hope deferred. Their story as Mr. Benét recounts it is—up to, say, page 210—slight in plot and substantial in humanity. He captures the flavor of simple, matter-of-fact living, at once enriched and given a heightened nervous tension by unconsummated love. But he appears to have grown weary of the familiar commonplaces, for he speeds up the last third of Young People's Pride to the tempo of a "swift moving tale of adventure" with a vampire as glamourously wicked as any salamander of the movies, and private wires and gunplay and secret amour in high places—all of which have little to do with the honest problems of Oliver and Nancy. That Mr. Benét should discard the trailing draperies of his muse for the practical if undistinguished tweed of realistic prose may not offend her; but to find herself compelled to wear the sleazy, meretricious fabrics of the scenario and the mystery story must hurt her vanity considerably. F. H.

Contributors

WITTER BYNNER recently spent twelve months in China with Dr. Kiang Kanghu, his collaborator in translating The Jade Mountain, an anthology of Chinese verse which is to be ready for publication next fall.

ROBERT SILLIMAN HILLYER is a graduate of Harvard University. Two volumes of his poems, Alchemy and Five Books of Youth, have been published by Brentano's.

SHERWOOD ANDERSON is the author of Winesburg, Ohio, Poor White and The Triumph of the Egg.

CLIVE BELL, the English literary and art critic, is an occasional contributor to the New Republic. His most recently published volume is Since Cézanne.

CHARLES MERZ was graduated from Yale in 1915, was subsequently managing editor of Harper's Weekly, a member of the editorial staff of the New Republic and a special writer for the New York World. He has recently returned from Europe.

HUTCHINS HAPGOOD was a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1892. He has served on the staffs of the New York Evening Post and the Commercial Advertiser, and is the author of The Autobiography of a Thief, An Anarchist Woman, The Spirit of Labor, etc. During a residence in Florence in 1905-7 he knew Papini and the Italian pragmatists.

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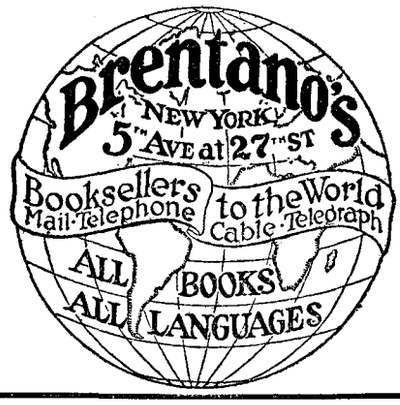

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The New
REPUBLIC
Educational Supplement

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The American College and Its Curriculum

THE following articles have been brought together in answer to the fundamental questions confronting the American College today: What is the general meaning and purpose of the undergraduate curriculum, and what specific measures can be taken to develop this meaning or carry out this purpose through selection among the great number of branches of intellectual or practical endeavor represented in a list of college studies. Some of the phases of the problem are stated in an editorial article in this number of the New Republic. They involve, first, the difficulty of meeting the claims of the vast amount of knowledge concerning the physical world and the history and achievements of mankind to be considered a part of education; second, the difficulty of establishing a ratio between the amount of time which should be given in college to education for purely humanistic purposes and that which should be devoted to specialization or professional studies; third, the difficulty of maintaining general or humanistic studies on a level of intellectual effort comparable to special and professional studies; and fourth, the difficulty of finding any measure of value common to the diverse units, general, special, professional and technical, a certain number of which gives the candidate the right to use the letters A. B.

The articles in the following group were solicited with the alternative of discussing the general purpose of the college course, or specific methods of organization or influence in use in different institutions to counteract tendencies hostile to the achievement of that purpose. Both college presidents and professors were invited to contribute. It is perhaps characteristic that the presidents deal chiefly with the first phase of the subject, the professors with the second. Articles were requested from five Eastern and five Middle Western institutions. Obviously the list of individuals and institutions having noteworthy contributions to make to the discussion is by no means exhausted, and the

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New Republic intends to publish further articles on the subject from time to time. Certain institutions which have made radical departures from the normal procedure of American colleges have not been included in the present group; some like Antioch College have already been discussed in the New Republic; some are reserved for later treatment. Other subjects in connection with American college life such as the relation between academic and student activities, the freedom of teaching and of speech in colleges, and the relation of different factors to the institution, such as the trustee, the president, the teacher, the alumnus, the student will be likewise the subject of later treatment. The Editors of the New Republic wish to express their thanks to the contributors to the present group of articles.

The Unity of the Curriculum

ONE cannot talk about the unity of the curriculum without talking about the unity of knowledge. And one hesitates to talk about the unity of knowledge because one does not know what to say. It is just this "hesitation" which is the most striking feature of current educational policy. How to escape from it is a very pressing and a very difficult problem.

We commonly say of the elective system that it has cut the course of study into a multitude of disconnected parts. It has also allowed the pupil to make an education by taking a very few out of the great number of these separate items. Under this system then the question is, "How shall we make out of a few disconnected fragments of knowledge a unified understanding of knowledge as a whole, as a single thing?"

To this question there are two familiar answers. The first is that the question itself is nonsense. According to this view knowledge as a whole has no unity. Knowing is a number of relatively separate investigations. No one man can be acquainted with all these lines of inquiry. And if he were, he could not make them into a single meaning, a unitary scheme of understanding. In a word, the unity of knowledge is a myth.

For the men who take this point of view, the theory of the curriculum is a very simple thing. For them the chief end and aim of instruction is command of a "subject." They see, of course, that no subject can be studied in complete isolation. Every subject is surrounded and affected by two sets of relations of which its students must take account. First, it must be known in relation to other subjects in the same "group." One cannot know economics well without understanding history, politics and law; to get hold of biology one must learn chemistry and psychology too; subjects in the same group do run into each other. And second, subjects must be studied in relation to their practical applications. After all, it is forever and necessarily true that the function of knowledge is to illumine and direct practical activity. One does not, then, know his subject unless he sees it as an instrument of control in the practical situations with which it is intended to deal.

In the light of these two excellent and modifying principles, the disbelievers in the unity of knowledge proceed to their teaching task. They select some interest, some fragment of knowledge which seen in its immediate relations is not too big to be grasped by a single mind. This is their major subject; to it they give their major attention. Commonly, however, they insist upon minor interests as well. In order to be a well-rounded man one should take pieces of work in other fields. There should be given to every student a little music, a taste of philosophy, a glimpse into history, some practice in the technique of the laboratory, a thrill or two in the appreciation of poetry. These specifics will secure one's general mental health against the dangers of onesidedness. Through it all there runs the quality of the devil at church on Sunday resting from the labors of a busy week. We do well to remember that in this point of view there is no pervading unity.

With respect to the origin and influence of the view just stated, two statements may be made. They are very complimentary to Natural Science, but are easily interpreted as attacks upon it. First, it is chiefly Natural Science which is responsible for the opinion that knowledge has no unity. Second, it is chiefly that view which has brought our college teaching into incoherence and confusion. In my opinion it seems probable that the most important fact connected with the development of the elective system in America is that Charles William Eliot was a chemist. So far as I know he is the greatest leader in collegiate policy that America has had. But the modes of thought of his powerful leadership were predominantly the mechanical forms of chemical analysis. Those forms, with all their values and all their limitations, he for a long time fixed upon the academic thinking of this country.

I have intimated that the double statement just made is not intended as hostile to science, nor as casting aspersions upon the native intelligence of the scientist, or the necessity of his work. What it does mean to say is that the Natural Sciences deal with a type of content which invites and makes possible the isolation of problems to a degree not achieved in other types of investigation. If he have proper regard for related subjects, the scientific student can define his task as a separate and distinct piece of work, can adjust his technique to the dealing with it and can then go serenely about his labor knowing that it, by itself, will lead him as far and farther than he can ever attain. Wars may come and go, kingdoms rise and fall, schools of poetry flourish and decay, fashions bloom and fade, and through them all the egg-secretions stand secure. "What have they been? What have they done? What are they made of? What will they do?" If once he be wedded to questions like these, surely a man may settle down and live in bliss forever after. But can he? What of the state of learning within which the happy union is carried on? Has any state been able yet to live in anarchy? One wishes that it might be done, that every man might go his way, follow his bent and find himself at peace with every other man. But that is not the actual situation in the world with which we deal. Out of the purposes and acts of many men, society must make a plan, a scheme of common living. Out of the thoughts of many men, our scholarship must make a plan, such common dominating scheme as can be made. But just at present, common schemes of thought have broken down. The sciences are not explained, not

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understood. Rightly enough, they will not knuckle under to schemes of thought devised before their principles were known. Thought must be made anew to take them in and give them proper place. But when they stand upon the ruins of an older scheme which they have smashed, and cry "Down with the State; we'll have no state at all!" they talk familiar nonsense. Because another scheme of thought has broken down, they think that schemes of thought are gone forever, that unity in knowledge is a myth. What science tells them that? Have they not gone outside their premises? They were to live and work each with his problem, by himself. But when they say that strings of separate thoughts are what the common thought should be, they have a plan for common thought. And they have made it badly because their thinking, their technique, was made for other problems. To make of science a philosophy is just as bad as finding scientific fact in myth and fable. Let each man do his task. But let us not infer that since one man cannot do another's work, the second too is likewise helpless in the field for which he is equipped.

But now already while discussing the first answer to our leading question, we have arrived at the second. If it is not nonsense to seek for unity in knowledge, then it is nonsense not to seek it. And in fact this seeking is the great intellectual undertaking of this time and of a renewing civilization. Just as each science within its field brings facts to unity, attempts to understand them, just so these separate sciences are facts which we must unify if we would understand them all. To understand them is to know them as a single meaning with separate parts. In this sense, knowing is always unifying. And when one makes this statement one does not say the work is done: one does not offer a reconstructed world already made. One says that here we have a task which faces learning at the present time. Upon this task our scholarship must work, not saying in advance what will be found, but trying to find the forms of unity which must be there if we can think at all. And teaching, liberal teaching, is just the attempt to put our students at work upon that task. They have a world to find, to make. It is our task to set them at it.

I think that perhaps the best way of explaining this second answer to our question will be to apply it to one or two specific proposals which are at present under consideration. What is the value of preliminary survey courses in giving unity to study? My impression is that the value is real but rather slight. In general the plan is that as he approaches a group of subjects, a student shall be given an outline account of these, their problems, their procedures, their relations to one another. This is a device of which the social sciences are fond. I have heard the teachers of these sciences discuss with much eagerness the question "How can the social sciences be unified?" May I record the opinion that in themselves these studies have no dominating unity? To tell of their relations to one another is not to unify them, unless it means to tell their common dependence upon other studies outside the list. Logic and ethics have, I think, the principles of unity for all our social studies. And if we seek for unity without them, we get a list of separate things quite shorn of all the deeper meanings which they ought to have. And so against the survey course which lists, describes and classifies a group of studies, I would suggest the analytic course which finds a method of thought and gives a student practice in it. To get a student ready for a group of studies, one should select a problem which demands the proper kind of thinking, a certain way of gathering information, a way of asking questions, a way of answering them, and then should set the student's mind at work in just those ways. I would not make the opposition here too sharp. One must have proper content if one would practise proper method. And yet it is true that survey as such, the listing of problems and answers in fields which one has never seen—this in itself is not sufficient introduction. If one can get the student thinking in a given way and set him loose amid the content, that way will lead him to the problems and their differences. An introductory course should lead a student not so much by content as by method, not so much by answer as by problem, not only by external list of separate studies, but also by the dialectic of a mode of thought which seeks and finds the content which it feeds upon.

And again, if we are to count upon a single course to unify the college studies, should Freshmen or Seniors take the course? At present, I think two courses are needed, one for beginners in the college work and one to bring the studies all together at the end. But as between the two, if we must choose, the latter would seem to be the more important. I think that every liberal college should demand of all its students that they attempt to relate their various studies into some ordered scheme of thought. Within the various subjects they have taken they should begin to see the principles of thinking, the system of values, the fundamental notions which underlie and dominate all that we think and do. I know that I am saying here that in its essence a liberal course of study must be a study in philosophy. But one must say just that because it is the truth. And we who send our students out with scattered studies never brought together, without a notion of the mode of thought by which the fundamental unifying motives may be found, are not giving liberal education. Our Seniors must be made to attempt the task of having a philosophy.

And here at last we come, I think, to the only important thing that can be said about the unity of the curriculum and our relation to it. The essential fact is that we, the college teachers, have no philosophy. We have been trained within the elective system. We are the devotees of "subjects." We live and think amid the fragments of an intellectual world which has been broken down. Ours is the task of building up again another view of life to hold the meanings which we had and have. And if we shirk that task in study and in teaching, no unifying courses will repair the damage. If teachers think in fragments, they cannot teach in wholes. Devices of teaching technique will never remedy defects of thought. All that a teacher has to give is just his way of thinking about the world. And if we mean to give a liberal education, then we must be ourselves a group of liberally educated men. Out of the turmoil and confusion of this present time our minds must seek, are seeking order and meaning. And as we find it our students will find it too. We do not teach so much by what we say as by the way we think. Our liberal colleges, teachers and students alike, have the task of finding and using a mode of thought by which an understanding of our life in all its phases may some day be achieved. Our urgent problem, whether in teaching or in study, is not to find devices which may remedy defects inherent in our usual ways of doing things. The problem is so to construe our task that we shall be about it in methods suited to it. We must not hesitate, dallying with "subjects," when the unity of knowing is before us as our goal. The time has come for vigorous and decisive action. It is a time of genuine testing of the American college and of its teachers.

ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN.

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The Problem of Higher Education

THE problem of higher education in America today is, most importantly, the problem of the liberal arts college. I do not mean that professional and graduate schools have worked out their ultimate salvation, but I do mean that the guiding principles which direct them are conscious, capable of clear statement and logical application, and adjusted in definite ways to the future careers of their graduates. The arts college, on the other hand, seems to me to lack both conviction as to its aims and the power to interpret adequately such aims as it does possess in terms of educational offerings. The arts college does, of course, phrase its aims, and in terms of two fundamental conceptions. These are the conception of mental discipline and the conception of culture. Neither conception, however, seems to aid much either in formulating courses and curricula, or in furnishing to students a guiding thread through the labyrinth of modern higher education.

The conception of mental discipline, indeed, is nowadays less and less frequently invoked by curriculum builders. Happily there are few people in educational positions of responsibility who seriously argue any more that the whole level of one's mental efficiency is raised by exercise within a formal and restricted field. It is coming to be recognized that the student of algebra acquires primarily not a trained mind, but the ability to solve algebraic equations; that the student of language finds himself possessed, first of all, not of general mental efficiency, but of a knowledge of conjugations and declensions. Results of a more general nature may, to be sure, make their appearance, but even under the best possible conditions, with skilled teachers, alert and interested students and well organized subject-matter, mental training seems to "transfer" only to situations similar in some essential respect to those in which the training was received. One may be a better banker because he has studied (or as the colloge catalogues sometimes put it "pursued") Sanscrit, but it will be only to the extent that Sanscrit and banking involve situations similar in attitude or content. And, again, he would indeed be a bold man who would attempt to evaluate, in terms of their training value, the courses offered in the college of today. Is Greek as taught by Smith of more disciplinary value than history as taught by Jones, or mathematics as taught by an instructor fresh from graduate school, than comparative paleontology by Professor Doe? On the whole, the conception of mental discipline seems to be quite without value either in defining the problem of the arts college or in helping toward its solution.

The current conceptions of culture, for their part, have developed in the American college a curious contradiction. There is, on the one hand, the tendency to confuse culture, which can be nothing other than an attitude toward life, with a fixed and permanent body of knowledge. Culture means the acquisition of insight, appreciation, understanding; the content of the learning which creates these qualities must inevitably change with the sort of life that is to be understood and appreciated. The Athenian youth became a cultured Greek by learning quite other things than are necessary to develop a cultured American; in spite of knowing nothing of science, little of mathematics, only one language, little that can be dignified as history. He gained an insight into his world by quite different methods than are essential to comprehend and value the totally different world of today; it is the attitude, not the material which creates it, which is permanent. The illustration is, of course, extreme. No one argues that we should return to the content of Greek education. But there are plenty of people who still implicitly base their ideas about culture on the assumption that it means acquiring about the same body of fact on which our grandfathers fed and waxed fat. And this in a country which has transformed itself within a generation!

Strangely enough, strongly though this view is championed within academic circles, it is reflected neither in college catalogues nor in the actual list of courses taken by students. What actually prevails is less conservatism than anarchy; a state of affairs in which any conceivable combination of courses that total the requisite number of points is regarded as equal in cultural value to every other. Totally free election, to be sure, is no longer in vogue, but the amazing lack of system and unity which any student of moderate ingenuity can introduce into his college course remains one of the wonders of the modern world. And how can he be much blamed, confronted as he is by a welter of departments and specialties, each three hours a week just as valuable as any other in the pages of the catalogue and in the registrar's office? But the result is likely to be neither cultural nor an education.

The college, in fact, seems afraid to stress anything very much. Instead of setting resolutely to work to attempt as intelligently as possible to state and practise its convictions as to the fundamentals of culture in the twentieth century democratic state, it has clung in its heart to those things that were basic in earlier generations when life and higher education were both wholly different enterprises from today. It has clung, but departmental courtesy plus student and public opinion have brought it to pass that it has not clung too hard. And so new departments have appeared, each with the natural ambition to develop itself to the utmost possible extent, each welcomed more or less grudgingly, but accorded at any rate the formal courtesies of giving courses that count toward degrees. But there has been surprisingly little effort to tie the whole thing together or to evaluate its parts in terms of modern life. Departmental thinking has, one suspects, too largely supplanted thinking about education to make this an easy or a pleasant task.

Yet the analysis must be made; we must come to some clear conviction of what knowledge is, in the liberal education of today, of most worth; for there must be, for any period of history, *some* knowledge which is of most worth. Biological theory and the social sciences, for example, are two natural centres of value that suggest themselves in the world that our students will inhabit. But if the problem is really to be solved, such an evaluation is not enough. The artificial departmental partitions of knowledge must be cut through. History, for example, expresses itself in literature, in philosophy, in economics and social theory, as well as in events—and yet how many students are ever brought to realize the relationship which exists between the literature of the nineteenth century, as taught by the English department, its political and social happenings studied in a course in history, the conceptions of its philosophers and its economists? Might not a better understanding of scientific method and achievement be gained if, let us say,

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instead of teaching chemistry and physics each as a separate specialty, "fusion" courses in natural science were developed, somewhat as algebra and geometry and trigonometry are now often fused into a single whole with an underlying unitary point of view? There is perhaps no virtue in the illustrations, but they may help to make the point of the highly artificial nature of our present departmental system. Not until this is greatly modified will it be possible to introduce any real unity into the college of today.

The liberal arts college, then, must abandon, not its function of imparting learning which has no direct vocational motive—a function which, rightly conceived, gives it a place of commanding importance in the educational scheme—but its timidity and irresolution as an interpreter of the complex life of the world today. It must take this life as its starting-point, do its best to determine what fundamental knowledge is necessary for its apprehension, what attitudes toward it must be developed. It must frankly cast aside the doctrine that any subject should be included in its fundamentals for purposes of mental discipline alone, and it must insist that departmental barriers must not interfere with that unification of knowledge which is one of the great needs of modern thought. Some practical translation into educational terms of general ideas like these it must attempt, or it and American civilization will both be the sufferers.

H. W. Chase.

The College at the Cross Roads

THE grim fact about our student-thronged colleges is not simply that they reflect the energetic aimlessness of a society in which organization has outrun intelligence but that they are legislating a social future. The eager-minded young men and women who enter college hopefully idealistic and pass forth with a veneer of worldly sagacity are the men and women in whose hands lies the direction of each tomorrow's America. The old jibe of futility no longer holds against our colleges; their training pays in cash and power, and their influence is compounding at usurous rates. But whether this be for salvation or ruin what prophet can foretell?

Within their narrow campus geographies and their little curricular cycles the colleges image the hurly-burly of the political world for which they are so efficiently preparing our youth. They are full of activity, enterprise, organization; they are vital with competition, politics, issues. It is true that the organizations—from student fraternities to administrative hierarchies—seem tyrannously to mock proclaimed ideals and that the published issues dwindle pettily in perspective view; but is this less than similitude of men's larger histories? Further, as also it is in the great world, the real issue is not petty. "The war had pretexts, but also had a cause" (I believe it was Suetonius who said it); and back of the theatric fervor of the little gentleman in the faculty conference—"pinning the tattered banner of idealism to the mountain of righteousness"—is a *cause,* in two-fold sense, which is what really engages the attention of his auditors.

The issue is as radical as the division that parts men's hearts. In the world of affairs we mark it when we distinguish between statesmanship and politics—in our abused use of this latter word. It is the difference between belief in impersonal judgment and in personal motive as the proper guide of human life. In the collegiate world this difference takes the form of an antithesis between scholarship and administration, or, in propaganda to the student, between cultural and bread-and-butter education. Scholarship, in spite of pedantic perversions, does mean devotion to a field of thought for the sake of understanding; culture, in spite of satire, represents concern for an intelligence liberated from mere self-interest. On the other hand, college administration is built upon the theory of personal power enhanced by emoluments, while the bread-and-butter propaganda is crassly and conscientiously a material appeal. Here again the philosophy of the great world is imaged; and to complete the image the politicians and the materialists are by nature incapable of even perceiving that their opponents are sincere. Certainly the most dismal spectacle offered by the modern college is the astute official who looks upon each new idea with a shrewd, "What is he after?" "Whose back is this scratching?"

So far the political have won hands down. They have every advantage: a college organization which gives all its higher awards to their kind, and at best tolerates the scholar; an appeal which the public can understand and which, through press and person, is made readily accessible; and lastly the pomp of a physical display which attracts an expenditure that is in itself power. Your scholar, on the other hand, is likely to be unintelligible to the public in proportion to his proficiency, and he suffers from the grave defect that if he is to remain a scholar he must give to his subject the time for which his opponent has but the one political use. He has, in fact, but one element of strength, and that is the natural and perennial generosity of the mind of youth; for given a free choice and sufficient understanding to guide it, the collegè youngster is eager to enter into the world of liberal ideas. Unfortunately the youngster seldom possesses either the choice or the understanding, in spite of the specious freedom of the elective curriculum. The latter, when he faces its printed announcements, is like an elaborate menu in an unknown tongue, and he leaves his course to the discretion of the first waiter (officially an "advisor") at whose table he happens to sit, or if he be canny he accepts the cues of wiseacre older students who know the ropes that guide deviously through "hours" and "credits" to "degrees." Even this situation is superficial. The advising instructor is himself a creature of the system: about much of the curriculum his knowledge is guess and gossip; there is no expressed idea of what an education should be to which he need be loyal; and surrounding him there is a hedge of registrar's rules, jealous requirements and departmental interests which quite obscures his view of the candidate's possible life. The latter, almost invariably wronged in some particular from the first, speedily accepts the facile lead: the curriculum is a game; he can beat it if he but master the combination; that is education.

This is putting the worse light upon a widespread situation. The better is that there are still scores of classrooms into which students drift, where appeal is made to them as men and women, and that they are quick to answer this

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appeal—for it is marvelous how the clamor of the market-place dies in their ears when youth are brought into the presence of living ideas. And there is still in every college a guard of instructors who believe in a spiritual emancipation through the cultivation of politics, learning, science and art, not as private careers but as the public interests of a civilized people. They believe that the greatest gift which education can give and the only liberalism that can sustain any free society is that truly legislative power of thought whereby a man may cast aside the mesh of his personal and material concerns and judge in the open perspectives of reason and imagination. And they believe, too, that in spite of their minority, the long run of educational experience will tell in the favor of a policy based upon principle and not upon partisanship. It is in this sense that their faith is a cause.

Actually many of our colleges are nervous with their own futilities. Vast public moneys are expended upon them, and taxpayers are becoming suspicious of a public service which advertises mainly private advantage. All over America there is a demand that the colleges justify themselves and the chaotic and much-pillaged liberal college is the first target, for the very reason that its purpose is ill-defined and ill-understood within and without. By its enemies it is called impractical because it does not offer a life-certificate to job competency; old-world because it teaches history and languages; highbrow because it has conscience about its instruction; and again it is objurgated by social reformers because its professors believe that more is to be gained for mankind by slow schooling with the past than by impetuous immersions of immature youth into present controversy. And even its friends recognize with a shiver the disparity between what it should accomplish and what, choked with apparatus, it is permitted to do.

In certain of our colleges definite steps are being made toward some clearer definition of their reason for being. In this direction looks the partition of the course into Junior and Senior Divisions, each of two years duration, with a narrowing of the range of elective choice for Junior Division students and an expansion of it along true University lines in the succeeding division. The theory underlying this is the perfectly sound one that the tools of scholarship and some acquaintance with collegiate methods must be acquired before any genuine election is possible; and its practical consequence is an almost immediate increase in intelligent election of those advanced courses which truly test a student's mettle. A further step, now under consideration in the University of Nebraska and in varying forms at other places, is the entire liberation of the qualified entrant into the Senior Division from the computational bookkeeping of the registrar's office. Under the guidance of a tutor to whom he is responsible and who is sponsor for him, the student is given liberty of library, laboratory, lectures and his own hours during the two years of residence that remain to him; he is to offer certain subjects as his chosen field; he is to present himself for examination when he wishes to become a candidate for degree, and if he pass with credit he may receive the degree with honors in the subjects chosen. There are of course many details, and the plan is yet to try; but the central idea is clear—an effort to give freedom with responsibility which alone is a truly free election, to those who will face its regimen; and beyond this by clearing away the artifice of course and credit to define the purpose of the college in terms of liberated intelligence.

But a new order cannot be established easily, especially where it seems to obstruct seated machineries with patronages and privileges. Nor can liberalism be won by a few expedients in regulation; rather can it be born only where men learn to judge, as Rousseau says, in the calm of the passions, and can be maintained only where there lives some enthusiasm for those public interests of mankind which outrun the narrow limits of personal time and space. Our colleges reflect the society which creates them, and if there is not in that society a saving grace of men who believe in *liberty with responsibility*—for the student, for the professor, for the citizen—then there is no hope for the liberal college and no hope also for the preservation of that political democracy of which liberalism is the breath of life.

H. B. ALEXANDER.

The College for Liberal Arts in the Middle West

THE College for Liberal Arts is a good name for a good thing. The noun does not suggest bread and butter; neither does it suggest following the course of least resistance. It seems to ignore necessity; it seems to approve decoration, or at any rate deliberation. It calls on man to thrust his hands into the web of life, to pluck out some threads and weave with them a picture of his own. And the adjective is a blessed adjective; it is the adjective which suggests the religion of America: we both revere it and dread it; we bow down and worship before it; then we go forth and build barricades against it.

Perhaps we are more than ever astonished at the spiritual daring of our forefathers in erecting at the very heart of a man's educational pilgrimage an institution explicitly designed to tear him from the deadening coil of necessity and to liberate his spirit. Its persistence is a noble evidence that we are not illegitimate children of those pioneers who, while they cleared the forests with their hands, longed to clear the mists from the heavens. We exult in maintaining it, but we would scarcely have dared to establish it. Since the original establishment, many other institutions have built in the educational area. They have been built beyond the college, this side of it, on all sides of it. But it stands at its central place, undispossessed. Indeed, the more recent foundations tend to clarify its function.

The distinctive aim of the College of Liberal Arts is the orientation of the student in the universe. Its faith is that life is more than meat. Its hope is that the gratitude of its graduates will guard it from defamation and enlarge its power, as they keep passing through its further gate. Its chief present danger appears to me to be that it presents the appearance of a Stock Exchange rather than of a temple of truth and faith. There is too much bustle and too little serenity. It lacks cohesiveness and unity. Its students are always making for side-tables, championing competitive wares, stealing off to watch current quotations.

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I have but little doubt that the future development of American education will purify and secure and exalt the distinctive function of the College of Liberal Arts. Here in the Middle West, surrounded by colossal state universities, by well-established normal schools, by growing business and agricultural colleges, keenly sensitive to the importance of schools for technical education, our belief in our mission deepens. On the other hand, the comparative paucity of our financial resources, our compulsory support of the institutions of the state, the presence in our population of many thousands who have never bowed their knee at Plymouth Rock, have seemed to compel us to build our colleges of Liberal Arts with the offerings of those who have had but the vaguest ideas of their purpose. As President Cowling is forced constantly to remind us, "You must back your cars to the siding where your load is."

But the way of salvation lies here, as always, away from concession and compromise to the underscoring of our distinctive function. We need to rid ourselves by degrees of three types of students. First, those who are prostituting their college course to a preparation for material or professional success. These are the men who study English to aid them in writing business letters, who study economics that they may be aware of the dangers that threaten the life of commercial enterprises and alive to the best openings for alert and money-loving youths, who study the secrets of biology for the sake of cutting off a year from their far-stretching medical preparation, who look into the secrets of chemistry to prepare them for the more technical sides of the manufacturing trades. These students, if they are dedicated to their clear and petty purpose, may monopolize the A's on the class books but they defeat the fundamental purpose of the institution. They are the stalwart inhabitants of our Trojan horse.

There are students of a second and opposite sort that threaten us, less numerous and influential than in Eastern universities. These are the holiday-seekers. They come to us for a four-years', or more likely for a two-years' vacation between the drudgery of home and school and the drudgery of going to work. The fraternity and sorority, or their camouflaged surrogates and the thrills and publicity and vigor of inter-collegiate athletics allure them. I, myself, believe the time is close at hand to abolish both these forms of extra-curriculum "activities" altogether. They have doubtless done much good: the fraternity has often been the chief enemy of uncouthness and self-assertion; inter-collegiate athletics have moralized the atmosphere of the college. But they are both medicines, corrective and hence temporary. Physical education can now safely carry on what inter-collegiate athletics have begun. These latter consume a quite undue share of the student's time and particularly of the student's interest and aspiration, and introduce into our rather finely articulated system an indigestible mass which performs for the college the same doubtful service which is supplied in our diet by cabbage—I leave to the ghost of Dean Swift the exacerbating details of the figure.

The third type of deleterious student is much more numerous in our regions than further East where well-established academies discharge more than 75 percent of their students into college, and may lay claim to be called preparatory schools. I refer to the ill-prepared students who either desire to find, or are compelled to find, college a disciplinary institution. They have frittered away their time in the high schools, studying and scorning Shakespeare, cramming up the constitution of their state, learning the calories of food, the intricacies of knitting and of carpentering, and abjuring all thought not only of Latin and Greek but of the wicked German and of the frivolous French. About a fourth of our last Freshman class came to us from accredited high schools with no scholastic acquaintance with any language but English and therefore with no comprehension of the purpose even of English. Hence, a very large portion of the mental toil of our students—and of our professors—is taken up with work which has its rightful place in the grades. They realize the meagre reward of their belated and arduous toil; they begin to question the dignity of scholarship and to discount the rhapsodical habit of spelling truth with a capital. They are apt to become a cynical element in our body scholastic. College is no place for the study of language, as those of us can testify who look back upon the desolation of some of the fairest and best-watered tracts of our provokingly short earthly journey. The study of literature is another matter altogether.

Carleton College is standing frankly, though none too uncompromisingly, for the Liberal Arts ideal in the midst of untoward surroundings. It follows the best precedents in insisting, through group mechanics, on introducing every one of its students to the various kinds of knowledge. After having accomplished this task, it insists on a certain amount of concentration in the student's most congenial field to make him distrust superficial solutions and to acquaint him with the tools and methods of research. It has just introduced a candidacy for honors in which specially qualified and disqualified students may throw themselves, quite untrammeled by formal requirements, into the problems which emerge from the twilight zones of the various fields of human knowledge. For the sake of recalling its students to fundamental and unifying matters, it has just insisted that a year's course in religion or philosophy (broadly interpreted) be taken by every student in the Junior or Senior year. Its most unique attempt to uncover the unity in the diversity of knowledge is the establishment of a department of Biography. Here, studying in the same semester such diverse personalities as Socrates and Alexander, as Machiavelli, Leonardo and Luther, as Frederick, Rousseau and Pasteur, the student learns the parity of all fields of human interest and something of the fecundity and breadth of the human spirit.

By these means and others, much is done to keep men from vagrancy and from being thrown beyond the central spin of life. But I am confident that, guarding a thoroughgoing and insistent reverence for delicate adjustments of diverse personality, much more may be done to create a distinctive and enthusiastic esprit de corps among the body of Liberal Arts students of the Middle West. As soon as finances allow, we must make a more definite appeal to a smaller body of students. We must discourage from attendance all who have other outcropping aims than inquiry into the universe. We must delete all obviously professional courses, we must clear out the débris that litters up the curriculum from the prolonged sharpening of elementary linguistic tools. We must renounce the advertising value of intercollegiate athletics and of national organizations for friendship. There must be a more unified curriculum which shall be devised for intellectual culture only. No radical change needs to be made in the courses offered; the noticeable change should affect the application of the elective principle. The elective principle must apply to the entire curriculum rather than to parts of a curriculum. The student must make his election between a college of

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Liberal Arts, a technical school, a junior college, a normal school and what not, but having chosen the College of Liberal Arts, he must settle down to the discovery of himself through a well mortised curriculum devoted to examination of the physical and social environment of which he is a product. All five of the sciences must be studied by every student. The history of human thought and achievement must be unrolled. Aesthetics must occupy a more dignified place in the curriculum. The economic and political bases of society must be thoroughly examined and the outstanding creations of the emotions of mankind as they are discoverable in the great literatures of the world must be given the freedom of every student's personality. The world of knowledge has become so large and inspiring that we must loosen the strangle hold of linguistics—ancient and modern—upon the curriculum. The spirit of inquiry must depose the spirit of discipline. Proficiency and service must give way for these four years to an earnest search for knowledge. The College of Liberal Arts must be true to its distinctive mission to make its students at home in the universe. The mission is too vital to be sacrificed to the ill-considered desires, or even to the genuine needs of well-intentioned girls and boys who may belong in other institutions. They must not be allowed by their ingenuous appeal to our sympathies to despoil us of the chief treasure of our American educational heritage.

A. W. Vernon.

Hope for the College

In the face of much adverse criticism and a certain amount of friendly despair, I must record my impression that the American college is in good health and is doing its work with reasonable success. This work, as I understand it, consists in helping young people to explore the essentials of human nature. As William James observed, a college is a place where one learns to know a good man when one sees him. In making known to youth the essential nature of mankind the college "serves the community" and "prepares for life."

By way of inquiring whether the college is meeting its obligation, consider, for a moment, the curriculum. Since no one will deny that the courses are ample in number, range and variety, the important practical question concerns the administration of them. Is the student adequately guided through the maze? Are the colleges formulating sound and useful curricula, and are they making reasonable improvements? I think they are. Although I cannot claim perfection for all recent revisions of the college curriculum, I can at least point to the fresh and righteous impulse that seems to underlie them: the impulse to rescue students from the dangers of a random election of studies. Whatever may have been the lapses or inspirations behind the thoroughgoing elective system of the Harvard type, one need not discuss them now, for the American college is moving in the other direction—away from the freedom of individual impulse and toward a freedom of humane control. The faculties of the colleges are reassuming a fuller responsibility toward the range and quality of a student's choices of study. The change is general throughout the country. It may be seen in the new "distribution and concentration" requirements at Harvard, or in the groups and sequences recently formulated at Minnesota. At the University of Wisconsin, to which I belong, the most notable recent change has been the launching, last year, of a new Course in Humanities, which the University announces as follows:

> It has long been felt by a large number of professors in the College of Letters and Science that the citizens of the state would welcome the establishment of a course based upon the curriculum of the old College of Liberal Arts, with modifications which the trend of education in the last two generations has shown to be advisable. Such a course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts (Course in Humanities), has been instituted for the benefit of students who may desire to devote a considerable part of their college work to non-professional, purely cultural development, either for its own sake or as a general preparation for special study.

In general terms one may say that this new degree makes substantial requirements in each of five groups of studies: (1) English Composition and Literature, (2) Foreign Language and Literature (one ancient language being included), (3) Economics, History and Political Science, (4) Natural Science and (5) Mathematics and Philosophy. In addition the student is required to give more prolonged attention to a "major" subject of his own selection, and to write a graduation thesis. Since this curriculum must compete on even terms with the less exacting curriculum of the general B. A. degree, one cannot predict its success with certainty. The faculty and the students have received it cordially, and certain of our most promising young folk have promptly enrolled under it. All agree that the new course provides an orderly introduction to the essentials of human nature. Whether or not I am right in my impression that the new course will prosper, I am glad to present it as a significant constructive attempt in a representative state university.

But a curriculum requires professors to teach it. Have we the teachers? Although it has now become all too unfashionable for a professor to say anything good about his profession, I venture to utter my conviction that, in general, our college instruction is nothing to be ashamed of. I do not assert that every young instructor who teaches Freshman English or Freshman French for a year or two is an impressive figure, but I do look with pride upon the solid group of my older colleagues. We are told, of course, that the days of the giants are past, and our critics speak vaguely of the superior attainments that our students would surely reach if happily the revered teachers of their grandfathers were still in the flesh. In deciding a matter of this sort I am not sure that we shall ever achieve scientific exactitude, and I should deplore any decision that should reduce our reverence for great teachers of the past; but I suggest that before belittling the present and concluding that our sons are less well taught than our fathers and grandfathers, we reread Professor Tatlock's recent and notable article in the University of California Chronicle. From a study of the biographies of some thirty-five prominent Americans, from George Ticknor to Theodore Roosevelt, Professor Tatlock reports such findings as these:

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E. E. Hale (at Harvard, 1835-39) found that little was done by the professors except to set tasks and to hear them, and was not impressed by Longfellow's lectures on German poetry. Hoar (at Harvard from 1842) found the instruction of little value, and grammatical study of classical authors not conducive to understanding and love of the classics. Charles Eliot Norton (at Harvard from 1842) felt that the system at college wasted opportunities. . . . Roosevelt (1876-80) did not find the kind of teaching he would have profited from, especially in economics.

Is it really so clear, then, that faculties are going down hill? I see no evidence of dreadful deterioration. I surmise that even a Mark Hopkins might be discerned in this faculty or that, and I am quite reverent when I intimate that great improvements have probably been made upon his log. "There can simply be no comparison," concludes Professor Tatlock, "between the general mental stimulus offered by the college courses, and personally by the professors, then and now." Perhaps, after all, the giants are not all dead.

And are our students really such a bad lot? Are they so much less worthy of their opportunities than were their New England antecedents? Those who think our young folk are not maintaining the old tradition of studiousness need to be reminded of John Fiske's disclosure from the '60's that at Harvard scholarship was "held in disrepute" and that "a good recitation is called a 'squirt,' and some fellows have undertaken to call me 'Squirty.'" I should say that in the regions most familiar to me a contemptuous attitude toward study and good scholarly standing would seem a trifle old-fashioned. I venture to say that among the undergraduates themselves Mr. Foster's Should Students Study? would in these days have more repute than Mr. Wister's Philosophy 4.

But in all its prosperity, the college offers immense opportunities for improvement. Any professor stans pede in uno could recite a considerable list. From my own proposals I select for comment only one: some form of general examination at the end of the undergraduate course. The more we exchange ideas with Europe the more clearly we see that our mechanical system of assigning irrevocable credits, term by term, and then assigning the degree after a mere process of addition, has about it a suggestion of mediocrity. I have no doubt that, even at the price of puzzling the French and the English, we shall be wise in retaining our system of book-keeping for a long time; but I am interested in the possibility, even in America, of some sort of general and simple final test which should encourage a student to keep his textbooks from year to year, look over his notes occasionally and as a senior cast a friendly and attentive eye over the range of his undergraduate studies. Harvard is trying such a plan for particular groups of subjects. I have in mind a more general review which should cover, with appropriate alternatives, all the larger groups of the curriculum and which might even extend into fields in which the individual may have accumulated, in the ledger, no formal credits. I am by no means the first to propose this plan and I hope the number is increasing of those who are preparing to expound its details, to meet its difficulties and to commend it as a practicable device for enlarging our reflection upon the nature of mankind.

KARL YOUNG.

The Undergraduate Course

I

THE Hegelian cycle with its thesis, antithesis and synthesis is well illustrated on a small scale by the history of the evolution of the American undergraduate course. It is now in its synthesis stage. Originally the college boy pursued a prescribed course which included large amounts of the classics and mathematics. In the latter part of the last century the antithesis came in the widespread adoption of the free elective principle which endeavored logically to recognize the doctrine of interest and operated practically to let the undergraduate try his hand at the art of self-direction.

More recently we have witnessed serious, if not frantic, efforts to regain the values of the traditional course in liberal arts without ignoring the merits of the elective system. Mr. Charles E. Hughes has accused our colleges of "intellectual vagrancy." His phrase characterizes accurately that mental quality of undergraduate study which recent tendencies in the organization of curricula have aimed to correct. Various mechanical devices have been invented. First of all came the "group systems." By logical classifications of the fictitious departmental fields of knowledge and by general requirements controlling selections of courses it was assumed that the centrifugal forces set in operation by the elective plan could be counteracted. Either within or without the group system the plan for majors and minors was widely adopted. It was imagined that this arrangement would correct the tendencies to scattering and smattering in which the college student had become an adept. More recently even the college departments began to weaken under the weight of undue specialization. The student was bewildered. Fragments of knowledge were presented to him by a departmentalized faculty with no conscious endeavor on its part to unify or correlate the fields of knowledge. In the upper years of the course instructors discovered, much to their dismay, that the students had no common background to which more advanced work could be related. To meet the situation, general survey courses have appeared in some of our higher institutions. By this method it is expected that every student will acquire a certain modicum of information, that he will secure at least a comprehensive, though superficial, view of the history of civilization and develop a tenable scientific point of view.

The progress in scientific fields in recent decades has been the glory of higher education. Science has demonstrated what can be done in a university. The morale of the scientific world has been unprecedented and its achievements are at once the shame and inspiration of scholarly endeavor in all fields. Just as the last half of the nineteenth century saw scientific departments come into their own, so now we must anticipate a corresponding development in the

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social sciences. This tendency is already upon us. In the fields of political science, economics, anthropology and history we find everywhere evidence of clear insight into the tremendous issues of modern society and an understanding of the social order in its relation to world civilization. No doubt our social scientists dealing with inexact disciplines have been confronted by almost insurmountable difficulties. Recent tendencies in American colleges, however, show a highly commendable emphasis upon this group of subjects and an effort to translate their conclusions into terms of individual and community life of a distinctly new and higher order.

II.

But we are dealing with the mechanics of curricular organization and not with the realities of education. It is perfectly clear, whatever may be the specific content of the best organized courses of study, that there are certain guiding principles emerging from recent practices and discussions, which must be reckoned with in considering undergraduate work. Provision must be made for continuity between the secondary and higher units of our educational system and within the courses provided by either unit. The maladjustment between our high schools and universities is accentuated by the tide of unfit students which constantly ebbs and flows in American education. The whole process is unfair to the student, the educator, and the public.

Likewise some actual correlation of the widely diversified fields of knowledge is a sine qua non for intelligent and self-respecting work by the student. This cannot be done to order in correlation courses or general surveys of whole subjects. It must permeate the work of the entire course in all fields. At present the dazed undergraduate is suddenly ushered into the gross anatomy laboratory of knowledge and vigorous groups of specialists hurl at him the heart, lungs, and other vital organs of the body of knowledge. He is then directed to fashion these disjecta membra into a harmonious living organism. It cannot be done by this method. A heart functions only when it is a part of the body. Truth generates life only when seen as a part of that larger Something which gives meaning to all that is.

The principles of continuity and correlation will make possible that concentration which suffered so terribly under the attack of the elective system and which the classical course so successfully assured. Concentration requires something more than majors and minors. It does not come merely from prolonged study in this or that field. It is related to what we used to call "mental discipline." It is not necessary to fly in the face of the psychologists. We are not contending for any specific content of study but for that quality born of severe, painstaking intellectual toil. It develops accuracy, which connotes carefulness, exactness and precision. It suggests "rigor and vigor," and mental fibre that can take a strain. It is not solely a question of putting limits here and compulsions there but somehow giving the student a touch of the thrill of mental struggle.

Do we need to speak of breadth of culture and liberality of mind? The modern undergraduate course has not failed at this point, unless we chide it for the faults of its virtues. It lacks in depth when compared with the old classical course, but it can scarcely be accused of narrowness of interest or servitude to conventional authority. Its richness of offering, however, has produced a curious dearth of mental fecundity or rather has failed to develop minds springing and germinant with new life.

III.

Modern America is very prone utterly to disregard the spiritual necessities of real education. We may tinker as long as we choose with entrance requirements, we may devise all kinds of examinations, group systems, survey courses and majors and minors but we shall quite miss the mark if we stop there. We may direct these recent tendencies by the adoption of sound principles concretely expressed in marvellously intricate curricular machinery without ever arousing a human being. Education is a spiritual process and given certain inner realities our superficial problems may be easily met. If only we have a student with that irresistible inner compulsion for the things of the mind which beats down every obstacle we need have no further concern. And as strange and rare as such a specimen may seem, he does still exist. Not even the diffusing amusements of today can ruin such a spirit. Now and then there is born a person who instinctively knows the worth of ideas and who is fascinated by the values of literature, art and science. Even colleges and universities cannot smother such as these and in some places of learning their hunger and thirst are satisfied.

But the real problem in undergraduate work today is the social status of the scholarly student. In numberless cases the spark of intellectuality is promptly stamped out by that tyrant of every campus—student tradition. A student who studies is queer! Few men or women have such devotion to inner promptings that they are willing to be accused of bad form. To be a high-brow is fatal to campus recognition. Every sane person is naturally highly sensitive to the judgment of his own colleagues. So long as students, either as a pose or actually, take the attitude that intellectual merit is not among the highest values of college life, we are not liable to accomplish much by our complicated organization of curricula or by the promulgation of epistemological theories. The issue is: Can it be brought about in American colleges that social prestige attaches to the man who achieves intellectual distinction?

How stupid we are and how persistently we proceed to ignore our commonly accepted conclusions about education! We all know that it is an active affair. College students today are unusually susceptible to the impact of a vigorous personality. Fortunately American colleges and universities are placing a higher value upon the stimulating teacher. Mere lecturing is being replaced in undergraduate work by vigorous pertinent discussions. A democracy must learn, both in formal and informal ways, to secure the benefits arising when mind meets mind in virile argument. Education begins when the student develops an active mind.

Education is an inner affair. Multitudes imagine they want an education because they infer that thereby they will acquire sharper implements for the economic struggle. University students in larger numbers treat their education just as they do a suit of clothes. It is an external thing. They can put it on or off as convention dictates. They want to *use* it without *being* it. The typical student dreads terribly the thought of being considered a highbrow or different from the man of the street. That education is to alter his tastes, deepen his sense of values, revise his standards, sharpen his appreciation of the truth, and quicken his sense of oughtness does not enhance its attractiveness. Education, even in the undergraduate world, tests as if by fire the very mettle of a man. It deals with his inner being. It commands him to put on, not as a garment, a new mind divested of all the ignorance, prejudice and superstition of earlier days and committed to the fearless quest

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of the truth regardless of the consequences to himself or his own personal interests. The spiritual necessities of education can only be supplied by our colleges and universities when in American homes, in business offices and in the political world some serious regard is paid to the things of the mind. Our undergraduate work today is the condemning reflection of the sense of values accepted by even the more prosperous, and possibly discriminating, class of American citizens who appear to believe in higher education.

M. L. Burton.

Special Honors at Smith

FOREIGN observers of higher education in America are usually struck by the variety of subjects pursued by our undergraduates, and by the length of the period of scattering and experiment. Not only does the American student make a beginning in more fields than are cultivated in a gymnasium or lycée, but he may continue to widen his range for two years after the European student has settled down to special or professional studies. This prolongation of the period of liberal studies would be of real advantage to the growth of culture in this country were it not counter-balanced by a tendency to superficiality and fragmentariness. The student aiming at many things fails to get much of any of them; and may, and often does, leave college without having learned how to master one.

The elective system and the nature of our curricula are usually blamed for this defect. But there are other causes. One lies in the narrowness of outlook of many college teachers, whose loyalty to their subject and whose emphasis on the importance of its content blind them to the more general and important matter of the training of the student's mind. The effect of these limitations is to lead them to exact the acquisition of a maximum of facts in a small field; but these facts, being imperfectly assimilated and their acquisition unaccompanied by a proportionate training in seeing their relations and significance, are likely to disappear from the student's mind shortly after the course examination. This tendency in turn is strengthened by our method of granting a degree on an accumulation of credits rather than on evidence of a state of mind at the end of the years in college. A premium is placed upon the power of acquiring and holding for a very limited period a certain mass of information, and an American A. B. is a certificate of what a student has known rather than of what he knows or is or can do.

These characteristics of our system are well known and generally admitted and of late attempts have been numerous to find a corrective. Some colleges have reduced the range of selection and insisted on a moderate amount of concentration and continuity, others have planned comprehensive courses attempting to unify and correlate the heterogeneous mass of fragments acquired or to be acquired in the various departments. Still others are introducing final examinations intended to test the student's grasp of a subject as a whole rather than his knowledge of what has been taught in a single course.

Another grave defect in our present procedure lies in inadequate differentiation in our treatment of students of varying ability. In spite of the selective process that goes on in the primary and secondary schools, and through the tests for admission to college, the ordinary college class of, say, fifty students contains a very wide range of ability—so wide that the attempt to carry them all along together means either the overstraining of the slower end of the class or getting less than half of what might be got out of the upper end. Faced by this dilemma and by the awkward consequences of a large number of failures, the teacher is apt to set a pace suitable rather for those below than for those above the average. Prizes, distinctions, honors and other devices to reward more or better work go but a little way to correct a tendency which sacrifices the interests of the students most worth educating to those of the mediocre or worse.

The special honor system recently introduced at Smith College is planned to meet to some degree both the defects just described. It recognizes that for all students there is value in a period of rather wide experiment in many fields; but it also insists that at least for able students of a scholarly bent the last two years of the college course can be better spent than by continuing to employ upon slightly more advanced material the methods used by them during their earlier years. Such students, selected on the record of their first two years, are therefore relieved from the requirements of the regular curriculum and the whole routine of compulsory class attendance, marks, and the like, and are allowed to choose, with the approval of the departments concerned, a certain field of learning, for intensive cultivation for the last two years of college. In this field six subdivisions are taken up, two each semester, each under the direction of an instructor who is especially equipped. Instruction is given by personal conferences at which problems are proposed, appropriate reading is suggested, and criticism of previous work is offered. Each week's or fortnight's study and thought is gathered up in a short paper and this is discussed by instructor and student. Accuracy, form of presentation and, most of all, methods of reasoning appropriate to the subject are all stressed in the criticism of papers. The student is at liberty to visit whatever lectures in the college may bear upon her special studies, but she is no longer obliged to break up her reading hours by endless interruptions from compulsory class exercises. Further, her work, being planned as a whole by a general director, forms an organic unit and though intensive in the study of typical problems, is not narrow. The last semester is devoted to the writing of a longer paper and to a general review in preparation for the drastic final examination which covers the whole field of the work of the last two years.

The advantages which are expected, and are to some extent already evident, from this scheme are the emphasizing of the mastery of a subject rather than the accumulation of credits; the more thorough knowledge of a related group of subdivisions in the field of learning rather than a mere reconnoitring of many scattered areas; a greater mastery of method and more severe training in judgment; the fitting of rate of progress to individual ability; and the placing of a greater degree of intellectual responsibility upon the shoulders of the student. Most critics of our present educational situation will agree that these results are desirable; it will take some time to demonstrate whether the means employed are adequate to achieve them.

W. A. Neilson.

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The Liberal Arts Course at Illinois

THE essential function of higher education is to discover and train men and women of superior natural endowments for the general enrichment of society. At present there is great educational waste in the training of men and women whose natural endowments are inferior. There is also a great educational waste due to the failure of educators to organize the miscellaneous powers of the good student vigorously around his main talent and master passion. All students who are worth any consideration nowadays go to college with a desire to discover their own powers and a vital connection between them and the needs of the age. Every student who can really be called "promising" looks forward to some kind of career. Every student who gets what he comes after finds himself summoned at some point in his course to an "austere and serious girding of the loins." Somewhere in his course, whether it be in engineering or in the social sciences or in general literature, he must catch the eagerness, the drive, the persistence, the firm linking of one day's work to the next, which characterize the best professional schools.

Those of us who were bred in what old alumni still piously and fondly and a bit hypocritically call "cultural" colleges, have been too much afraid of the professional spirit and the professional ambition, which after all is only a man's fully awakened passion to become what he is, to do effectively what he can do best, to serve the world skilfully with whatever talent he has of whatever sort. In the end, the only other choice is dilettantism and graceful futility. I incline, at any rate, to believe that a properly elevated and well-directed professional ambition is about the most valuable passion, nowadays, that can be imparted to the average boy in college. It is like a love affair in the way it lights up and vitalizes for him what was previously dull and inert. It is like religion in the way it preserves him from dissipation and trifling. It is the greatest unused educational resource in the "liberal arts" college.

In the state universities, the college of liberal arts has been driven to a relatively early scrutiny of its own purpose by the hard and close competition of schools and colleges which are avowedly professional. In the first two years, furthermore, it provides instruction in English, foreign languages, mathematics and other sciences for students who are registered in other colleges and whose last two years will be devoted pretty exclusively to professional studies. What its own purpose is in the last two years with its own students is a question natural in the circumstances—a question recurrently raised with some anxiety by its friends, with some superciliousness by others. Obviously students of the liberal arts are for the most part no better able to afford the luxury of four years of "general culture" than students of engineering or commerce. As a matter of fact, not yet fully recognized, the last two years of the liberal arts college are for the greater number of the more serious students a more or less loosely organized professional training or preparation for professional training. It is a loosely organized training for careers in teaching, public service, literature and all kinds of unclassified vocations. As soon as some capable person has organized a group of liberal arts courses so that they educationally cohere and lead to something, the tendency is to cut them out of the liberal arts college and give them an independent establishment in a College of Commerce, or College of Journalism, with the implication that the remaining courses lead to nothing.

The College of Liberal Arts and Sciences at the University of Illinois officially admits, however, a three-fold purpose, including the provision of a "liberal education," preparation for "later professional and technical studies," and the provision of certain highly specialized curricula in applied sciences, journalism and home economics. The "machinery" for accomplishing its purpose appears to me to be devised with a good deal of ingenuity and to work fairly well. It consists, first of "group requirements," to insure proper distribution of studies and, second, of the requirement of major and minor subjects, to insure proper concentration. The first requirement, which is supposed to provide the elements of a liberal education, is that every student must elect from five to ten hours from each of six groups as follows: English; Foreign Languages; History, Political and Social Science; Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry; Botany, Geology, Zoology, etc.; Education, Philosophy and Psychology. The second requirement, which provides the "professional" element, is that every student must elect a minimum of twenty hours in his major subject and twenty hours more from a group designated by the major department as minor subjects.

Under this system, ideally functioning, the student would spend the better part of his first two years with his "liberalizing" studies and the better part of his last two years with his professional training—though the contrast is misleading. Its conspicuous merit is that it combines a large freedom of election with a large amount of general guidance. No educational machinery, however, is loafer-proof. And under this system the loafer can, by the skilful use of his one talent, get through with little more than the first elements, "working off," as he says, his group requirements as the penalties for going to college, fulfilling his major and minor requirements with the minimum of the most elementary courses available in the least guarded department and filling up his program with miscellaneous "sight-seeing" electives. His way could be made harder by more extensive and more rigid specification of related subjects to be involved in the choice of his major subject.

This more extensive specification of related subjects would have the additional virtue of checking the tendency of the serious student towards too early specialization. Specialization is too early when it takes place before the student has a well-grounded sense of the interrelations of knowledge. It is usually due, one must admit, to that professional zeal which I have been commending. But it is due to a short-sighted zeal. At the present time the most serious deficiency in our "young men and women of superior natural endowments" who after a college course present themselves for advanced training in the graduate schools is seldom in what we call their "major field." It is rather in the "instrumental" knowledge of languages, in acquaintance with ancillary sciences and related literatures. It is frequently a deficiency so extensive as to disqualify them for their chosen profession. It is frequently a deficiency so serious that nothing less than a liberal education can repair it! If they could have gone through the languorous processes of liberalizing their minds with a lively sense that they were leading to the main business of their lives, how differently they would have ordered their steps.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

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General Honors at Columbia

IN Columbia College, as elsewhere, the advantages of the elective system have been somewhat offset by the loss of intellectual tradition from college life—by the disappearance of any body of knowledge with which all the students are familiar and all the alumni once were. Some extremists consider the loss of any tradition as a gain; on that score they have no complaint to make of the elective system. But even they may regret the passing of common intellectual interests. Scholarship in a state of isolation is a pretty thin career, and that is about all our social-minded age offers even to those college boys whose disposition is toward scholarship. In the days of required courses the undergraduates attacked their problems together as they went from class to class; Brown sat next to Burns, Smith next to Smithers in Greek at nine o'clock, Trig. at ten, History at eleven. They may have grumbled at the excessive symmetry in their lives, but what they knew of the classics, of mathematics, of history, they knew together; not only their sports, their dormitories, their meals, but also the adventures of the mind, were experiences to be shared by all, and the college gave them the ability to think and talk in one intellectual world, such as it was. The intellectual world may not have been the best possible, but nothing could have been better than the way they shared it.

The elective system offers a superior world, but only the individual enters it; the college boy no longer takes up a subject as though his neighbors knew all about it, but rather as though it were a little discovery or whim of his own. In one classroom he sits next to Brown; the next hour he finds himself next to Jones; the third hour he is next to Smith. When he meets Brown, he could of course discuss the first-hour subject with him, the second-hour subject with Jones, the third-hour subject with Smith; but the effort is too great for the normal boy, so he discusses something they all have in common, something they still have as a tradition—girls or athletics or compulsory chapel. These may not be the subjects nearest their hearts, but since man, to talk with any satisfaction, must be understood, they avoid their specialty and stick to what they all can understand. Their serious studies are not social but private; herded together in all other pursuits, they cultivate the mind like the scholars of the old régime in China, each in his separate cell.

When America entered the war, the Faculty of Columbia College had just adopted a plan to offset this centrifugal tendency in the elective system. Granting that there was some virtue in keeping a body of students together in common studies, they agreed to offer a two-year course so comprehensive in its scope as to occupy a large part of the student's attention. While the course was in the experimental stage, it was to be elective. Any student could drop out, or be dropped, for cause, but no student could enter it except at the beginning with the group who would be his companions through the two years. With this first principle agreed to, the Faculty discussed the content of the course. It is sometimes said that the old-fashioned gentleman, in contrast with the modern college graduate, had read all or most of the great books of the world. The statement is probably exaggerated, but there would be no great difficulty in reading all the great books at least once within a reasonable period of time, provided we read none but the truly great books. After some heated argument as to which were the great books, the Faculty agreed on a list of some fifty or sixty, from Homer to William James, masterpieces in all fields—literature, economics, science, philosophy, history—with the general purpose that students in the new course should read one of these books each college week for two years.

The war postponed the plan, but it went into operation in the autumn of 1920 under the name of General Honors. The students who elect General Honors meet with a group of instructors every Wednesday evening for two hours, sometimes much longer, to talk over the book of the week —the Divine Comedy or the Wealth of Nations or the Origin of Species. Much of the reading is done in the preceding summer vacation, but the student must be ready to discuss it with at least as much precision of reference as he would discuss a novel he had recently read. One instructor leads the discussion, which soon becomes a genuine give-and-take between him and his colleagues as well as between instructors and students. At the end of each term the examination is held in the college library, where the students are encouraged to use all the books they know anything about, and they have four hours in which to compose an essay on some assigned topic suggested by the discussions of the term. At the end of the first year the honor students are promoted in a body to the second year's reading, and the incoming students start at the beginning, in a group of their own. The General Honors course is open to Juniors and Seniors. It is elected in the current year by over a hundred students, and it seems likely to succeed in its purpose, so far as it reaches the college body; already those who have taken it are conscious of an intellectual life in common. Those of us who are unregenerate in the modern world of education think that no great failure would follow any study done in common —certainly not if the study is devoted to the masterpieces of the race.

Immediately after the war the Faculty of Columbia College set up also a compulsory course in Contemporary Civilization, which is now the backbone of the Freshman year and which serves in a remarkable way to give the students a common intellectual world. The course was a natural outgrowth of the studies in the Causes of the War, which were improvised in our colleges for the use of the Students Army Training Corps. After the peace it was inevitable that similar enquiries should be made, though with no sinister prejudice, into the causes of contemporary civilization. The course at Columbia is given by instructors from the departments of Philosophy, History, Economics and the allied social sciences. The purpose, says the catalogue, is "to give the student early in his college course objective material on which to base his own farther studies," but the effect is much more—it is to give the students as a body a wealth of ideas and suggestions which they can and do talk about as about any other interest that might be alive in a human society.

The importance of these two courses in the eyes of the Faculty is shown by the place they occupy in the college catalogue at the head of the other required and elective studies. The instructors who take part in either course testify to their own profit from the experiment. They meet weekly or monthly to discuss the material for the next recitations or to prepare themselves in some other way for the work; for under the elective system teaching may be as narrowing as studying, and to inculcate a social interest in knowledge a teacher must first cultivate it in himself.

JOHN ERSKINE.

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The General Final Examination at Harvard

THE American college habit of counting "courses" or "hours" for the degree has had evil effects patent to everyone who is acquainted with undergraduates' habits of thought and who is familiar with their intellectual accomplishments. The average college student and, it must be confessed, sometimes the instructors have thought of the course or hour, rather than the subject, as the educational unit. It frequently happens that a young man graduates after taking a considerable number of courses in some one field, like history, economics, ancient or modern literatures without ever relating the work done in one course to that in another within the same field or considering his subject as a whole. It is to meet this difficulty that the requirement of concentration and the system of general final examinations have been gradually established in Harvard College since 1909-10.

Today every Harvard undergraduate must concentrate at least six courses* in some single field or in related fields of knowledge, and these courses may not be selected haphazard, but must be really related to one another.† In order to secure his bachelor's degree every undergraduate must not only complete his courses satisfactorily but, in all subjects except mathematics and the natural sciences, near the end of his Senior year he must also pass a general final examination or examinations on the subject in which he has concentrated; failure to pass this test deprives him of his degree *no matter how creditably he has scored in his individual courses.* Each year a certain number of men do not graduate because of such failures.

It must be emphasized that this general final examination is an examination on the *subject,* classics, French literature, economics, history, philosophy, or whatever it may be, and not an examination on the courses which the candidate has taken. Now the very plan of such a final test obviously requires three things of the candidate: (a) he must select his courses wisely; (b) do a substantial amount of work apart from the formal courses; and (c) especially by reading and reflection coordinate the details he has learned into a body of ordered knowledge of his subject, so far as an undergraduate can be expected to do so. To accomplish this he requires more or less guidance and stimulus; and the Departments concerned have made provision in varying degrees and in different ways for such direction and encouragement. The large Division which comprises the Departments of History, Government and Economics in which the general final examination was first tried in 1915-16, has employed tutors from the beginning. These men give most of their time to weekly meetings with individual students to discuss with them their reading, to help them solve their difficulties, and to give them suggestions for their future guidance. The tutor is in no sense a coach, but a friendly counselor, whose knowledge and wisdom are put at the disposal of each student. The Departments of Philosophy and the Fine Arts also employ tutors. The several Departments of Languages and Literatures, ancient and modern, where for various reasons the concentrator perhaps needs less detailed direction, have not made such ample provision as the Departments just named. Yet in these Departments all the members of the teaching force give much advice outside the classroom to individual students, and one member of the classical staff devotes a large part of his time to meeting "concentrators" in the classical field individually from time to time throughout the year.

The examinations are conducted by committees of the several Divisions or Departments, and for obvious reasons no tutor can be a member of an examining committee. The systems of examinations are naturally not identical. In the Division of History, Government and Economics the candidate must meet the following tests:

(a) A general written examination, which will be given in two parts: one designed to ascertain the comprehensive attainment of the candidate in the subjects of this Division; the other covering the work of the Department in which the student is concentrating. There will be a large number of alternative questions to allow for differences in preparation.

(b) A special written examination, which will test the student's grasp of his chosen specific field. The candidate will be expected to show a thorough understanding of the subject of this field; knowledge of the content of courses only will not suffice. The examination will be upon a *subject,* not upon a *group of courses.*

(c) An oral examination, supplementary to either or both of the written examinations, but usually bearing primarily upon the candidate's specific field.

One who concentrates in the classics or a modern literature must show by examination:

(a) A knowledge of the literature or literatures which he has selected.

(b) A knowledge—obtained, if necessary, through translations—of the subject matter of twelve books of the Bible and of twelve plays of Shakespeare.

(c) A knowledge of the important works of at least two of the following authors: Dante, Cervantes, Chaucer, Milton, Molière, Goethe, if he be a concentrator in the Ancient Classics: Homer, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Horace, and Virgil, if he be a concentrator in a Modern Literature.

Space forbids further illustrations, but the detailed plans may be had in the publications of Harvard University.

The general final examinations were first required in the Divisions of History, Government and Economics in 1915-16; in the other Departments, save those named above, in 1921-22. The following table will show the more interesting results of last year. It will be understood that the number of failures given in this table indicates the number of men who were refused their degrees solely because they failed to pass the general final examinations in their subject; the figures have nothing to do with failures in courses. In other words, if the degree now depended on courses alone, thirty-four more men would presumably have received their degrees last June than actually did so.

* A Harvard course for undergraduates normally meets three hours a week.

† To prevent overspecialization the undergraduate must also distribute certain courses, but distribution is a matter which does not belong to the present consideration.

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	NUMBER OF CANDIDATES			PERCENTAGE
	TOTAL	PASSING	FAILING	OF FAILURE
In all Divisions	424	390	34	8.0
In Ancient and Modern Languages	193	179	14	7.3
In History, Government and Economics	188	170	18	9.6
In other Divisions	43	41	2	.48

During the seven years, 1915-16 to 1921-22, the following results have been obtained in the Division of History, Government and Economics:

NUMBER OF CANDIDATES			PERCENTAGE
TOTAL	PASSING	FAILING	OF FAILURE
773	714	59	7.6

It is obvious that the system has not been in use long enough to allow sure conclusions to be drawn. Yet over one thousand candidates for the bachelor's degree have now been subjected to the general final examination, and from the experience gained some facts are fairly evident.

The plan has added somewhat to the requirements for the bachelor's degree. The way of the dullard and the loafer is undoubtedly harder; but on the other hand a certain number of men of mediocre ability or of slight natural interest in their studies are roused out of mediocrity to serious work, because they see a definite object to be gained; while the men who come to college with intellectual interests and serious purpose, find in the system large and delightful advantages. Many undergraduates have testified that the system has given their work a zest and meaning which no mere aggregation of courses could ever give. No graduate who remembers the requirements for the degree in his own day will greatly fear for the present generations.

It is also certain that, although not perfect in all respects, these general final examinations actually provide serious tests of the candidates' knowledge of their subjects. That an undergraduate's success in passing his several college courses is not a complete warrant that he will be successful in his general final examinations is proved by the fact that last year thirty-four men, eight percent of the total number of candidates, failed to receive their degrees because of their failures in these examinations. If it be asked how the examiners bring themselves to fail a man who has had a good record in his several courses but falls down at the end—and such cases occur every year—the only reply is that the examiners have succeeded in hardening their academic hearts from the first. This process has become easier as certain good effects of the requirements have been increasingly evident.

The more important results of the system then may be briefly stated as follows:

(a) It has made the mastery of the *subject* or *field*, rather than the passing of certain courses, the object of the student's effort.

(b) It develops habits of independent reading and of reflection on the part of the student.

(c) It makes the work of the earnest student more interesting and enjoyable by providing him with an intelligible and comprehensive object, viz: the mastery within certain limits of some field of knowledge.

(d) It gives the Division concerned a survey of the student's capacity *at the end* of his college course.

It will be furthermore easily realized that the combined systems of advisors or tutors and the general final examinations give Divisions new and valuable means of showing the ideals they cherish for the study of their several subjects. In illustration we may cite the cooperation of the Divisions of the Ancient and Modern Literatures in emphasizing by their requirements and examination questions the unity of Western literature.

The whole undertaking is still in the experimental stage, and ten years must pass perhaps before a sure judgment can be passed upon it. In the meantime improvements can be made; but the success of the experiment up to the present day is such as to warrant great hopes for the future.

CLIFFORD H. MOORE.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS

The War of Independence

The Causes of the War of Independence, by Claude H. Van Tyne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00.

THIS volume has all the qualities of modern scientific American historical scholarship, and the defects of those qualities. It is honest, painstaking, thorough, impartial, judicious and well-proportioned. But it is also dry, lacking in the color, the vivid personalities and the sense of movement that one expects of first-rate historical literature.

> In considering the immediate causes of the American war for Independence, in the period of 1763-1775 [says the author], it will be seen that trouble was brewed not at all because of any cruel tyranny on the part of George III and his ministers, but because their honest though mistaken efforts to rule for the best interests of the empire were misinterpreted by a people with a different theory of what constituted political liberty.

The same conclusion, if one may substitute "unsuited to" for "misinterpreted by" and insert "economic" before "liberty," will be reached by most intellectually honest and competent investigators. That it was seldom attained by Americans before the present century was due largely to our intellectual immaturity. Earlier American historians were seeking to justify the Revolution rather than to explain it.

Both this conclusion and the objective attitude responsible for it have given great offense to 100 percent Americans and 50-50 Irish-Americans. The type of mind that deems criticism of the Bible irreverent, believes it unpatriotic to go behind the Declaration of Independence in seeking the causes of the Revolution. Many insist that to

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hate Britain is half an American's duty; and that belated justice to the Tories of 1775 reveals an Anglo-Saxon plot to reunite the old empire. A concerted effort is being made to ban all histories that acknowledge George III and his ministers "honest though mistaken," or which venture to criticize certain acts of the colonial patriots. Professor Van Tyne is one of those who have suffered from the patrioteers. All the more credit to him, then, for maintaining a calm, unruffled attitude in this new work, and for treating with a gentlemanly reticence such vulnerable patriots as John Hancock.

The causes of that "different theory of what constituted political liberty" were many and far-reaching. Professor Van Tyne develops the fundamental differences between Englishmen and colonists that began at Jamestown and Plymouth Rock—differences of government, religion, economic interest, race, environment, temperament. The Freest of People Were the First to Rebel is the title of a chapter that explains the seeming paradox. He shows how the fragmentary and uncoordinated assistance given by the colonists in the Seven Years' War, and still more the conquests of that war, forced Westminster politicians to face the imperial problem. He demonstrates how and why it was impossible to solve that problem without bloodshed, English-speaking peoples being what they were.

Even where historians agree as to general conclusions, no two will weigh causes in exactly the same manner. I should say that Professor Van Tyne had not gone far back enough for the constitutional differences. When the colonies were founded the distinction between the taxing power and the legislative power, antiquated in England in 1765, was a very live distinction, and the most English thing in the British constitution. I think that economic causes should have been more stressed, that the very efficient regulations of the Royal Commissioners of the Customs for stopping smuggling had a good deal to do with the Boston Tea Party. Nor does it seem quite fair, in estimating colonial culture, to compare Faneuil Hall with Westminster Abbey—compare rather old Massachusetts Hall at Harvard with its contemporary, Peckwater quadrangle at Oxford, or Old Nassau with the Canterbury Buildings, and colonial architecture will not seem so crude. Paul Revere may "appear in Revolutionary literature like a centaur ever on horseback," but he was in fact an excellent silversmith. The state of the minor arts in colonial Philadelphia and Boston was hardly equalled in any English provincial town of their size.

But these are mere individual differences of opinion. The reviewer's pain in reading this book is that so sound a piece of work should be so clumsily presented. The anatomy is excellent, but the flesh is not fair to see. Professor Van Tyne has that supreme vice of the seminar-trained historian, a weakness for quotes. Seldom does he say anything in his own words if a quotation can be twisted into service. Now the only proper function for a quotation in historical literature is to drive home a point and clinch it. An exception may be made for monographs intended for insiders—but this book is intended for the public—and in cases where the historian's source material is both new and vital—but this book is built largely from published sources and recent monographs. The result of this plethora of quotes is a dry roughness in the narrative, and a lack of personality and character in the book. Here we get a bit of Alvord, there a bit of Channing; Andrews speaks in one paragraph, and Schlesinger in the next; but Van Tyne, where is he? The characters (save John Adams, whose own words are beautifully self-revealing) are not alive; places and situations are not vivid, and numerous opportunities for legitimate dramatization are missed. Consequently, for all its soundness, this book, as literature, is outclassed by Trevelyan's brilliantly inaccurate American Revolution.

It hurts me more to say this than it ever will you, Professor Van Tyne; for I had looked to you to be one of those to lead American historical literature out of its present slough. Time was when histories by American authors were read wherever English was read. The works of Prescott, Motley and Parkman sold as well, taking increase of population and wealth into account, as a popular novel today. John Fiske was the last of that school. Before his death, the products of German and American seminars began to pour forth those dully accurate tomes that have killed American taste for history. An historian who would have voluntary readers today must disguise his work as a biography, a chronicle or a story. Contemporary English and French historians have proved that history can be both sound and interesting. To restore this most human and noble branch of literature to its once high estate in our country, and to give our own history, with all its comedy and tragedy, its color and passion, the esteem it deserves, we must preserve all that the elders have taught us of historical method and reverence for truth; but we must also learn how to write English.

S. E. Morison.

Juicy and Seasoned

The Legend of Ulenspiegel and Lamme Goedzak and their Adventures Heroical, Joyous and Glorious in the Land of Flanders and Elsewhere, by Charles De Coster, translated by F. M. Atkinson. Two volumes. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $7.50.

A BOOK hard to match for the savor of food and drink in its pages! Here is a taste of "goodly stewed beef, whose spices perfume the air, not too rich, tender, succulent as rose leaves and swimming like Shrove Tuesday fishes amid cloves, nutmeg, cocks' combs, sweetbreads and other celestial dainties." Heaven, as Ulenspiegel is pleased to portray it to the soldiers, is a land of ortolans, with rivers of malvoisie, mountains of sugar candy and rystpap eaten with silver spoons! It would be easy to quote pages of repasts and recipes, but Lamme's fricassee of mussels must serve to reenforce this quality in the book. Poor folk, says Lamme, eat mussels boiled, but "that is but the prologue to the fricassee; they must next be stripped of their shells and their delicate bodies put in a pan, then stewed delicately with celery, nutmeg and cloves, and bind the sauce with beer and flour, and serve them with buttered toast."

Now it is upon a recipe—and a curious one—that De Coster has compounded his book. He began with the old German tale of Eulenspiegel by Thomas Murner, published in 1519 and translated within the decade into Flemish without acknowledgment of source or author. To this he added certain popular material about Lamme Goedzak, Lamb-with-a-Paunch, as it were; with a dash of history, here and there—Charles V and his son Philip, the tragic figure of Mary Tudor, a hint of William the Silent and his nobles, Egmont, Horn, Brederode, episodes such as marked the Beggars' War, the irregular revolt of the Flem-

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ings against the mastery of Spain; spiced with horrors of torture incredible except to the student of history but easily imagined by one who has looked upon the torture implements at The Hague. All these ingredients he has stuffed with many a plum plucked by research from the Flemish archives, and has soaked in Rabelaisian grease together with the beer of an irony reminiscent of Montaigne. A compound worthy of consideration!

And first, as to his method with the old German book. He has taken over bodily more than a dozen episodes, elaborating much or very little, sometimes using the actual words of his source as well as the ideas. His method is to heighten the pictorial element and to intensify the humor. Sometimes, ill-inspired by Rabelais, he overdoes, as in the case of Thyl's baptism. Murner added a tumble in the mud and the consequent washing in warm water to the ceremony at the font; but De Coster must have also a shower, an accidental bucket of water from a workman on the church roof, and a bath of beer at the tavern on the homeward way.

As a novel, the book lacks both plot and characterization; it is all background and atmosphere, containing in its five books as many reels of moving pictures in which sixteenth century Flanders lives again. But it is all without goal. Thyl is mere picaro—goes out into the world for adventures and comes home to adventures; adventures pursue him wherever he is. When he and Lamme have exhausted the land, they join the Beggars' fleet and play pranks on the sea. When scenes on the earth threaten staleness, we are transported in vision to the regions of God. Startlingly vivid much of it is. We see the Infante Philip sucking lemon while he burns a little monkey to death by slow fire; we see the ghost of Charles V on its way to judgment:

> Old and decrepit, it had a chin like a slipper, and preserve of quince on its lips. It wore on its back a cloak of crimson velvet lined with ermine, on its head a crown imperial, in one hand an anchovy which it was munching, in the other a tankard full of beer.... He went through space, hiccoughing with fatigue, wheezing with asthma, and sometimes vomiting, for death had come on him during a spell of indigestion.

So throughout the book extraordinary vignettes, often in caricature, scenes that Jan Steen would have painted had he lived earlier, but each depending upon its own content for interest, not upon any relationship to a larger whole. And to one who knows something of old Flanders this pageantry of her ancient people is rich in suggestion: Thyl and Lamme talking "thirst talk" by the side of Minnewater; the "rommelpot"; the procession of the Holy Blood at Bruges; "'T is van de beven de klinkaert. . . ." But how much would it all mean to those who must learn Flanders from the book itself? Where we miss the intuitive power by which words are made to evoke images scarcely less real than our own flesh and blood, pictures, however true and however vivid, will not give life to a book.

The pity of it! For the history of the book is a tragedy. Ten years Charles De Coster spent in writing it—years divided between his research work in the Archives and wandering about the country to learn the life of the people. Published expensively in 1867, the book failed and waited a quarter of a century for even qualified success in a cheap edition. Meanwhile, De Coster had died in 1879, after nine years of teaching French and history in a military school in Brussels, and his masterpiece was to wait again nearly thirty years before it was turned into English. And even now, perhaps, it fails in its main purpose. The allegorical core of the book by which Thyl is the spirit as Nele the heart (and Lamme the belly) of Flanders is obscured by its picaresque details; and after all, as the people do not breathe, one has licence to be irritated by the hybrid character of Thyl. He is better as pure rascal in the symphony of Richard Strauss, to whom he belongs by heritage.

I regret that I could not come by a copy of the original. It is said to be written in the archaic French of Rabelais, in a deliberate effort to reconstruct an old form suited to the material. By comparing the translation of F. M. Atkinson with the abridged version by Geoffrey Whitworth, published in 1918, I gather both that the present translator has done well by his original and that the original has a raciness that will delight many a critical palate. So I conclude: a book not great for its revelation of the spirit of mankind in old Flanders, but a strongly personal book, rich in associations, which will continue to delight for a long time the few connoisseurs of literary tapestry. I believe that De Coster intended much more than this, but that he groped blindly and failed of it. Failed? It is something of a success to be resurrected and read at all after fifty years of obscurity.

EDITH RICKERT.

Politics for Politicians

The American Party System: An Introduction to the Study of Political Parties in the United States, by Charles Edward Merriam. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

WHEN I first attended college lectures on politics it was not considered necessary to discuss the politician. Occasionally he was mentioned in a dim sort of way, but always as if he were an intruder who did not fit in and was soon destined to disappear. The boss and the district leader, the caucus and the conference, spoils and deals were regarded as belonging to the pathology of politics. There was no place for these perversions. We studied the unperverted political system as it was presumed to exist in a platonic heaven before it fell to earth and was embodied in such gross and unmentionable persons as Charley Murphy and Honey Fitz.

We labored, therefore, to understand the contending theories of government which the parties were supposed to represent. We tried to understand how the two parties divided the country almost equally into the voters who believed in Hamilton's version of the Constitution and the voters who believed in Jefferson's. And if we had any feeling about the affair, which we almost never had, it was a kind of blank helplessness at the prospect of having some day to make the momentous choice between Hamilton and Jefferson. We were being trained to operate a textbook rather than a political system.

Our textbooks on politics maintained a splendid isolation from the haunts and manners of the politician. They were written by men who believed that the undifferentiated voter was the centre of the political system because it had been said at the beginning that this was a government founded on the consent of the governed. But this undifferentiated voter, like his cousin, the economic man, was

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an excessively inhuman creature. He was pure brain. He was reason incarnate. He was a sort of universal robot, deduced mechanically from the Theory of Party Function in a Democracy. Bryce, to be sure, and de Tocqueville before him, had written in a different vein, but somehow those sections of Bryce which describe how the politician really works were mislaid in the curriculum. The Principles and the Functions and the Structure of Politics were taught at us instead. But while this was going on the journalism of muckraking was making a nasty disturbance downtown. And at the same time, over in Europe, men like Graham Wallas were beginning to describe voters instead of the voter, politicians instead of politics.

Mr. Merriam's book is a consequence of these disturbances and these new beginnings in political science. In his book the politician is at the centre, and the vague voter out on the fringe. Instead of describing the politician as he looked to a good government enthusiast of the nineties, Mr. Merriam describes the voter, the political machine, spoils, patronage, graft, party structure, platforms and the rest as they look to an active politician. His book is, therefore, one of the first textbooks written in America which describes the mechanism of politics from the point of view of the insiders who operate the mechanism—a textbook of politics as politicians practise it. It is a thoroughly sophisticated book. The person who is taught politics through Mr. Merriam's introduction will have been introduced on the ground floor. There will be plenty left to explore that is not in this book, but at least the reader will know east from west in politics, what moves and what is moved.

As I read the book I kept wondering why Mr. Merriam never allowed himself a touch of irony. He keeps a perfectly straight face from beginning to end, yet his facts as to how parties are constructed and how politicians are financed and how principles are selected seemed in themselves ironical. I wondered why this prosaic volume with its perfectly traditional textbook binding and manner should seem so pungent and so amusing. Partly this was due, I suppose, to the fact that Mr. Merriam's conformity to the textbook tradition in style, arrangement and format gave to his departure from the substance of the textbooks the pleasure of the unexpected. And partly it was due, I imagine, to the relief which we experience, when after wandering in a fog, we make a sharp turn to the right and see again the sharp outlines of actual things.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

Scholarship and Poetry

The Kinds of Poetry, by John Erskine. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.50.

THERE has been in recent times a certain coolness between the more enterprising makers of poetry and their backers and the university world that is the chief guardian of the ancient treasures of poetic art. It is eminently to be desired in the interests of all concerned that these two groups should get upon a friendly footing once more. And much is to be hoped from the liberal spirit of such books as this of Professor Erskine of Columbia and the recent one of Professor Lowes of Harvard on Convention and Revolt in Poetry. It is too bad that Mr. Erskine should have put at the beginning of his book the essay on The Kinds of Poetry. In spite of the provocative interest of this essay and the many subtile and suggestive things he throws out in the course of it, it is essentially a tour de force of metaphysical ingenuity, and he will not persuade many readers to accept his ingenious definition of the lyric, the drama, and the epic, as poetic genres concerned, respectively, with the present, the past, and the future. The real value of the book, as well as its timeliness, is to be found in the three other essays, on The Teaching of Poetry, The New Poetry, and Scholarship and Poetry.

Mr. Erskine's views on the teaching of poetry are comprehensive and humane. He steers his course adroitly between the rocks of "philology" and what is called "the teaching of ideas." Indeed it is only one within the university world and aware of its adverse tides, its shoals and sandbanks, who would be conscious that Mr. Erskine has had to pick his course, so little evidence does he give of the labor of the task. There has been, during the last twenty years, a considerable reaction in American universities from the somewhat exclusive pursuit of "philological" studies in favor of the more "humane" aspects of literature, by which is meant the thought, the philosophical implication, of imaginative writing. Some very valuable results have come from the studies of men like Professor Sherman of the University of Illinois. Mr. Erskine is so favorable to studies of this kind that he proposes to restore biography and history and philosophy and even the masterpieces of science to a literary curriculum which has been reduced to poetry and the novel, essays and the drama. But he is well aware that a certain type of scholar, not sensitive to the imaginative character of literature, is liable to abuse this method, and indeed to make poetry the victim of a bullying philosophy. "Instead of teaching poetry as though it were history or as though it were philosophy," says Mr. Erskine, "we need to draw on history and philosophy in order to understand poetry." And by history he means "all that is necessary for us to know before we can be contemporary with a poem."

But the great test of breadth and elasticity in the "academic mind," as Mr. Lowes calls it, is furnished by the experiments and achievements of contemporary literature. The academic mind has much to occupy it that is unquestionably first rate and that is not new, all the more so if the study of literature means, as Mr. Erskine suggests, the study of history and philosophy as well as of belles lettres. The academic mind should be critical if there is to be any criticism left in the world. And new poets should not be ill satisfied if they receive the indulgent attention of a great mediaeval scholar like Mr. Lowes or a critical student of Elizabethan lyrics like Mr. Erskine. The fact is these men are much less supercilious towards current American poetry, even towards free verse, than many critics of less learning and less critical spirit, "old-fashioned readers," as Mr. Erskine calls them, "who have not read widely in old-fashioned literature." The scholars understand that "we are moving through one of those periodic and quite normal overhaulings of poetic method by which any literature keeps itself vital." They understand that "in their subjects as in their technique the new poets are trying for greater truth." They know the beauty of an idiom characteristic of an author and his time, and they can appreciate the importance of Miss Lowell's insistance on "the quality of the phrase."

With both these critics Miss Lowell and her Imagist propaganda seem to have occupied too much of the range of vision, and they suffer from want of acquaintance with

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the part taken by Chicago in the contemporary movement. Miss Lowell's suggestions on cadenced rhythm and the "return" in free verse are the best we have in the way of a prosody of the new verse, but they are much too ill-defined to serve any scientific purpose. The principle of the "return" is, I suspect, a principle not of rhythm at all in the ordinary sense, or only incidentally so, but a principle of thought-modelling or development of theme. And the best examples of its use are in the poetry of Sandburg, who, however much he may owe in this and other respects to H. D. and other imagists, hardly belongs to that school. With him, as with H. D. and Fletcher in his earlier phase, it is the recurrent and interwoven themes, the rhythms of thought, that give his poems so often something like a regular stanzaic arrangement and almost always a shaping grateful to eye, ear, and mind alike.

Again Mr. Erskine, while approving in general the prescriptions of the imagists as to style, observes that "these excellent rules . . . have this trait of youth, that they operate from the outside inward. Acquire new cadences, the imagists advise us, so that you may express a new idea; yet if we have the new idea and try to give it sincere expression, it is hard to see how we shall miss a new rhythm. The excellence of Mr. Masters and of Mr. Frost is that they have built their art from the inside outward, and their success illustrates once more, what the young poet will not easily learn, that a large audience waits for those whose heart and mind compel them to speak." But here again, while few will question the high achievement of Masters and Frost, one cannot but have in mind Masters's comparative want of instinct for poetic form as such, and one feels that Mr. Erskine has overlooked, in Sandburg, the case par excellence of the new idea sincerely expressed making for itself the *new* rhythm.

And finally, in his essay on Scholarship and Poetry, Mr. Erskine, pointing out the great advantage for the poet of having a body of traditional fork-lore familiar to all his audience upon which he can draw, proposes the Leatherstocking tales, Uncle Sam, and Rip van Winkle as hopeful subjects for the American poet. These are no doubt good suggestions, but the critic would have done better perhaps to have pointed out the very great and effective use already made by the new poets—not to mention the old ones—of traditional American themes. What could be more suitable than John Brown, so dramatically presented by Vachel Lindsay in his Booker Washington trilogy and by Sandburg in Ossawatomie; or Altgeld as idealized by Masters in the Spoon River Anthology; or Bryan and John L. Sullivan as recently mythologized by Lindsay; or Kalamazoo used by both Lindsay and Sandburg to symbolize American ugliness and American idealism? What of the Great Valley of Masters, the storied and conscious prairie of Sandburg, the Mid-America of Sherwood Anderson's mystical chants? What of Chicago so constantly and variously sung by all these men, and already transmuted by them into the same stuff as "are the moons of Ilion"? And above all what of Lincoln, as he "walks by night in Springfield" during the Great War, or as the "master" who "made his note of us" ("the gentlemen that jeered"), or as the Autochthon whose career is so piquantly juxtaposed by Masters with those of Charles Darwin and Alfred Tennyson, born in the same year? Our poets have long been anticipating the suggestions of university scholarship. There is no longer any reason why the two parties should be not get together.

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH.

A Manual of Treaties

Manual of Collections of Treaties and of Collections Relating to Treaties, by Denys Peter Myers. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $7.50.

THE bibliographer, the patient, painstaking and modest servant of scholarship, is likely to be unappreciated by the general public. Yet recognition of his growing importance is evident in the establishment of divisions of bibliography in our larger libraries. In the social sciences Central Europe has until lately furnished the world with the most exhaustive bibliographies; yet in this field, as in many others, the principal centre of effort is now likely to shift to other quarters. In departments of study like bibliography, which require eleemosynary production, it is fitting that the heavily endowed institutions of the United States should assume the leadership. Perhaps an indication of the shift in the centre of gravity may be found in the appearance of the notable volume of Mr. Myers, printed at the expense of a Harvard University endowment fund.

In this volume Mr. Myers has sought to bring together the titles of the published material on and relating to treaties, from the earliest times. Since treaties constitute one of the main instruments and sources of international relations, scholars will be aided by ready reference to the important repositories of these documents. Yet in the reviewer's judgment the principal utility of the work will be found in its catalogues of the material of foreign relations collateral to treaties, namely, law collections, historical works, periodicals and notably the reports, regular or occasional, of the Ministers of Foreign Affairs of the various countries. Unfortunately, it is in this last respect that the work is least complete, for this was undoubtedly the most difficult part of the field. Yet it is possible that a submission of the partial lists compilable from the material in the United States to the Foreign Offices of the various countries, either through the Department of State or independently, would have brought many amplifications of the partial lists as printed. It is commendable that for the first time an effort has been made to print a list of this elusive source material essential to research in history and international relations.

The method of presentation pursued by the compiler is to note (1) the General Collections from antiquity to modern times, making subdivisions by geographical areas, by the class of material, handbooks, periodicals, etc., and by periods; (2) Collections by States, alphabetically arranged, subdivided into classes as follows: bibliography, treaty collections, legislation, publications of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and books on special topics related to treaties; (3) Collections by Subject-matter, including such topics as arbitrations, commerce and navigation, consuls, extradition; and (4) International Administration, including such subjects as waterways, health, postal and other communication, monetary unification, administration of justice and the dozens of other topics embraced in what is known as international administrative law. An appendix on the publication of treaties is a valuable contribution to bibliographic apparatus. Many of the titles of the important works listed are amplified by notes of contents and other explanatory notes, and the completeness of the catalogue entries will be of great aid to students and librarians. The accuracy attained in the spelling of foreign titles is no mean achievement, and the exhaustiveness of the index will

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be appreciated. The work should help libraries throughout the world in the completion of their collections.

Perhaps, in a work that gives us so much for which the world of scholarship will be grateful, it is captious to call attention to omissions; yet it seems curious that United States government publications issued by the Library of Congress, like the Guides to the law and legal literature of Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Spain, and the Bibliography of International Law and Continental Law, which contain references to much important material on bibliography, law and treaties not noted by Mr. Myers, should have been omitted. The Guide for Germany is referred to only for its glossary. Among the periodicals on international law, the earliest of the modern (beginning 1869) and long the most important, the Revue de Droit International et de Législation Comparée is not mentioned. Jones's, Chipman's and the current Index to Legal Periodicals, which contain sections on International Law and Treaties, are omitted. Occasional expressions of opinion as to the value of works, such as the reference to D. J. Hill's History of Diplomacy (p. 43) as the "best historical research" may not find general concurrence. The material on boundaries, an extremely difficult field, does not appear to include some of the resources of the Library of Congress; and it may be said that the volume, while universal in its scope, makes the resources of the Harvard University library its point of departure. Collections of legislation of foreign countries indicate occasional omissions, like the Pasinomie Belge. The entries appear to have been closed about 1918 or 1919, for practically no more recent publications are listed.

When it is realized that the bibliographic field covered is in many respects a new one and that the nature of the work requires industry and skill of a high order, the success of the achievement cannot be too highly commended. Mr. Myers and Harvard University have rendered a notable service to scholarship.

EDWIN M. BORCHARD.

Mediaeval France

Mediaeval France: A Companion to French Studies, edited by Arthur Tilley. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press. $8.50.

THE History of France is l'histoire intégrale. It is the history not only of her politics but also of her geography, her industry and commerce, her language, her philosophy, her literature and her art. Thus it is ultimately the history of French culture, and culture is the dynamics of the thing we call "civilization." If Mr. Wells had had a hand in this volume, it might have been better written, but it would have been written with a bias; whereas, intended primarily as a textbook for *serious* students, it is a compendium of expert knowledge, up-to-date, useful for reference as well as for reading, and above all objectively presented. The volume is the work of ten writers, the majority of whom, as was inevitable, are Frenchmen. Yet it is a pleasure to note that in the entire 456 pages the German complex obtrudes itself only once, in the statement (p. 93): "In the 19th century Germany had not forgiven 13th century France for the death of Conradin." Hence we get a succinct and reliable account of mediaeval France which comes near justifying the glorious first line of Du Bellay's famous sonnet:

France, mère des arts, des armes et des lois;

though Du Bellay was the last person to have a just appreciation of his country's mediaeval past.

This mediaeval past was determined in its great period, extending from the accession of Hugh Capet to the Hundred Years' War (1337), by at least two favorable circumstances: the unique geographical position of France, between the Mediterranean and the Channel, with the easy communication between the two; and the gradual mixture of different peoples on her soil whereby the French became "a nation" rather than a "race." Unfortunately, Mr. Tilley's volume lacks a summary, correlating its various parts. Had such a summary been included, it would have been interesting to show how the Chanson de Roland, for example, illustrates this "national" fact. As it is, M. Foulet, who writes the section on Literature, observes that in the Roland "knighthood is justified and made glorious by the beauty of its mission . . . a dream of Christian Europe united through its length and breadth against pagan assaults," but the reasons for the most national of epics might have been made even clearer. Another observation that could have been recorded is that the "logic" which binds together French civilization is again and again brought out in the excellent pages on Scholasticism, Gothic architecture, and the rise of Allegory.

Mielz valt mesure que ne fait estultie
"Better is measure than headlong courage"

—says the Old French epic, a clear indication of the fact that French bon sens is not primarily a product of the seventeenth century.

Thus the volume is notable chiefly for its separate parts, the outstanding of which are the section on History by M. Ch-V. Langlois—the longest chapter of the book—and that on Industry and Commerce by M. Halphen.

M. Langlois at once justifies his reputation as the best of French historical mediaevalists by giving precise facts, the larger significance of which he then points out. Mediaeval France developed along feudal lines because, as he shows, its complex elements could be held together only by a loose form of government based on the tenure of land in large estates. If there had been a mediaeval French Gogol, "he would no doubt have drawn pictures analogous to those of the author of Dead Souls." Yet, owing to the lack of a strict state police, as in Russia, the mediaeval French suffered from the inconveniences of anarchy; but this very fact gave them "some of the virtues kept alive by an active life," whereas the Russian feudal régime was prevailingly "idle and corrupt." This "active life" emerges vividly from M. Langlois's pages in the account he gives of the rise of the central monarchy under Philip Augustus, the swing of the political pendulum during the Hundred Years' War, and the final close of the feudal era under Louis XI.

In describing the transition from the manner of collecting money in place of feudal service to the modern system of taxation, M. Langlois anticipates the section by M. Halphen. Here—and in the intervening section on the Navy, by M. De la Roncière—the reader may gather details on the economic background of mediaeval life: the trade with the Orient, the rise of the wool and silk industries in France, the foundation of unionism in the mediaeval guilds, the great industrial fairs of Champagne in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and so on. It is a fascinating picture, throwing light, where light needs to be thrown, on the realia of the Middle Ages. Lastly,

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there is the period of decline—the so-called Middle French Period—beginning with the Hundred Years' War. Literature and art have a new florescence, particularly in a flamboyant and mannered style, in such a building as the Church of St. Wulfran at Abbeville, or in the contrasting realism of the Farce de Maître Pathelin and the works of Villon. On the other hand, in 1412 the once flourishing town of Montpellier had a population of only 334 people and "at the beginning of the fifteenth century France is no longer of any importance from an economic point of view." What raised France to a new pinnacle of glory was the Renaissance, but that is another story for the telling of which Mr. Tilley promises a companion volume, to be called Modern France.

In conclusion, let us note that the present work fulfills its program of presenting "within a moderate compass" all that is essential for an understanding of the France of the Middle Ages. It is a picture of detail, for which we hope Mr. Tilley will some day give us the vue d'ensemble. In the meantime, it is well to realize from the interlocking chapters by Mr. Tilley's collaborators that Mediaeval France was not only or primarily a romantic world of fiction but a real world not so very unlike our own.

WILLIAM A. NITZE.

Doctor Furness's Letters

The Letters of Horace Howard Furness, edited by H. F. Jayne. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two volumes. $8.00

NO possible reader can fail to derive pleasure from these Letters; but to those of us who knew Doctor Furness personally and loved him they are a peculiar joy, for they show the world what we have always known: that he was much more than a scholar. This country reeks of scholarship and specialism; the fruits of pedantry, often of solemn and pompous pedantry, fall from every academic tree. There may have been limits to Doctor Furness's scholarship; there were none to his wisdom and benevolence and large-heartedness and sense of humor.

The most favorable view of The New Variorum Shakespeare which its editor could bring himself to express was that it was "a necessary evil" in that it kept scholars from persistently thrashing over old straw. The methods and problems of Shakespearean study have altered considerably during the half century that has passed since the Variorum began to appear, and in order properly to appreciate the work of Doctor Furness and his son it is necessary to keep in mind that the scope and plan were laid down so long ago. During its long history the edition has been changed in only two important particulars. After publishing four plays with an eclectic text Doctor Furness, as is well known, turned to the First Folio which, from the time of issuing Othello, he continued to reproduce with all the accuracy at his command. And in the same play one finds that his original intention of keeping his own personality entirely in the background has disappeared. From then on he gave freer rein to his own instincts as a commentator, with results that lightened up many an arid stretch of discussion and cheered not his readers only but, I am glad to say, the editor himself. His letters ever and anon express his chuckling delight at some humorous note penned at a moment's so hasty inspiration that when, having forgotten it, he came across it months later in reading proof, his amusement is as frank as it is ingenuous and charming. It is this light of humor that has gone out of the Variorum since the grand old scholar's death.

Doctor Furness grew up in the atmosphere of abolitionism and it was a matter of distress to him that his deafness, already pronounced, prevented him from serving in a military capacity in the armies of the North. But after the Civil War was over such interest as he took in public affairs was not profound. In 1898 McKinley appeared to him as "a grand statesman." In 1899 his sympathies in the Boer War were entirely on the side of England. But his position in life was not one in which such fallible judgments need count against him. Nor, apart from a few discussions on points of Shakespearean exegesis and some interesting remarks on Whitman, Browning and Fletcher, are the literary opinions pronounced of very striking quality. The word "pronounced" carries an unfair connotation, for Doctor Furness never spoke ex cathedra either in his letters or in his conversation.

What one finds in the Letters is the revelation of a personality of simple grandeur and singular charm. He suffered severely from the blows of fortune, losing a wife so dearly beloved that the long remainder of his life was passed in the shadow of that bereavement. From his grandson's introduction we now learn that the dedicatory In Memoriam which is prefixed without a name to every volume of the Variorum after the first four refers silently to his deceased wife. Many years later he lost his talented sister and then his only daughter and, shortly before his own death, his brother. To his intimate friends, and especially to Aldis Wright, he revealed occasionally the somber sadness of his heart but to the world he continued to present a brave front and his courage was by no means an austere stoicism. There is hardly a page of these Letters that is not filled with sunny humor. He took neither himself nor Shakespeare nor the Philadelphia Shakespeare Society so seriously as to be unwilling to collect appropriate mottoes for their annual banquet. He is sweetly proud of this motto for capon: "A fellow that hath had losses." Some kinds of scholarship awaken impatience in him. The Baconians themselves hardly stir in him more disgust than the sort of learning of which Fleay was so distinguished an example, which consists largely in tabulating metrical characteristics with results that almost invariably no one but the tabulator accepts and which the tabulator, too, often rejects later on. Nothing is revealed of Doctor Furness's personal relations with the redoubtable Furnivall, but knowledge of the so contrasting characters of the two scholars makes the following letter to Wright a joy. It is dated from London and runs:

> "Dearest Wright: Sh ——! Sh ——! not a word! I never imagined that you would divine my secret. I am *in hiding*. Don't tell, but I have just murdered Furnivall! and left him in his gore. I bribed his servant to conceal the body for three days, and by that time I shall be on the ocean and safe. This is the reason why I have given no address. Overlook this little peccadillo and believe me
>
> Yours with devoted affection
>
> H——e H——d F——ss
>
> For obvious reasons I sign only initials.

There are many letters to Wright that are quite as amusing, such as that which encloses a form of receipt for one of the volumes of the Variorum for Wright to sign and return (vol. ii, p. 54). When one considers the tone

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of devoted intimacy in the correspondence between these two editors it is surely one of the curiosities of literature that their personal relations began with a sharp, almost bitter, attack by Wright upon Furness in the pages of the Athenaeum on the occasion of the announcement of the first volume of the Variorum. The violently ruffled waters were, however, soon smoothed and Wright had the magnanimity to be among the first to recognize the excellence of the new edition.

I regret that no letters to Professor Haupt are included in the collection, for there must have been many; there are repeated references to Furness's work on the Polychrome Bible. Nor are there any letters to John Payne, the translator of the Arabian Nights, with whom Furness corresponded for many years. Some of the most interesting pages of the letters are concerned with the investigations of spiritualism by the Seybert Commission of which Furness was a member and whose report he wrote.

I have dwelt upon the side of Furness's character that is less to be expected in an editor. There are of course various interesting and wise comments upon Shakespearean matters. And there are multitudinous modest instances of benevolence. Furness was never happier than when by means of his public readings he could make money for some philanthropic institution. Many people still living remember the charm of these readings. Furness ascribed their success entirely to the magic of Shakespeare. After one such occasion he writes to his sister:

> For look you, there in front of me sat Charles Eliot, James Thayer, Charles Norton and Mrs. Agassiz, all of them with eyes dilated with interest and eyes suffused with emotion at the sight of an old white-haired homely-featured man who pressed his hands to his shirt-front over an imaginary bosom, saying: "Peace! peace! dost thou not see my baby at my breast that sucks the nurse asleep." Not a thought of the wild and ridiculous incongruity —— and Charles Norton said to me afterwards —— "My dear Furness, you make us cry."

But one must resist the temptation to quote further from these rich, wholesome volumes. They will appeal not to scholars only or chiefly, but to all who respect wisdom and honor high achievement and love humor and kindliness.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

The Trans-Mississippi West

The Trans-Mississippi West (1803-53): A History of Its Settlement and Acquisition, by Cardinal Goodwin. New York: D. Appleton Company. $3.50.

IT is probable that no work, however voluminous, has had more influence upon the writing of American history than the famous paper on The Significance of the Frontier in American History, read by Professor Frederick Jackson Turner at the 1893 meeting of the American Historical Association. This was a striking challenge to the traditional view that everything of importance in American history had occurred in the territory east of the Alleghenies and especially in New England. Professor Turner's thesis was that the successive advances of the frontier and the reaction of this process upon the East constituted the key to the understanding of American history. Much more recently Professor C. A. Alvord has shown with a great wealth of detail that even with respect to the preliminaries of the Revolution the Mississippi valley played a much more important part in determining British policy than did the activities of citizens of Boston and other port towns.

Two main trends in the historiography of this country since 1893 may in large part be traced to Professor Turner's influence. One has been an increased interest in Western history and the other a growing activity in the analyysis of economic and social factors in our national and sectional development. A number of industrious scholars, such as Thwaites, Alvord, Garrison, Bolton, Henderson, McElroy, Cleland and Marshall, have devoted themselves to the narration of the political, military, diplomatic and anecdotal aspects of the conquest and settlement of the West. Others, like Becker, Beard, Dodd, Schlesinger, Farrand, Morison, Fox, Kendrick, and the technical economic historians, have notably forwarded the development of the dynamic social and economic history of America. Some, as for example, Libby, Paxson, Buck, Phillips, Haynes and Schafer, have combined a concentration upon the history of the West with advanced concepts in the writing of history, and have thus proved themselves in the truest and most complete sense followers of Turner.

The work under review was written under the influence of the school of Bolton and Alvord and well exhibits the characteristics of that type of historiography—a scholarly and accurate but conventional narrative of the political and diplomatic incidents involved. Professor Goodwin deals with the history of the West from the acquisition of Louisiana to the final adjustment with Mexico concerning the transfer of territory resulting from the Mexican War and subsequent diplomatic negotiations. His work is superior to the standard monograph of the late Professor G. P. Garrison in that it begins at an earlier and more logical date and gives adequate space to the acquisition of Oregon and the territory in the northwest, not being so exclusively occupied with the southwestern area. It is reliable and very interestingly written. The typographical work is admirable and well adapted for textbook use. Those who desire a graphic summary of the personal experiences and the political and diplomatic episodes connected with our territorial expansion to the Pacific will welcome this convenient narrative. Those who wish to know why we entered and developed this territory will still turn to Katherine Coman's Economic Beginnings of the Far West.

The book is entirely conventional history. The method is the anecdotal. Even the few pages devoted to economic and social factors and forces are largely episodical in character. The author avoids most controversial matters; one learns nothing of the "Whitman Legend" exposed by the late Professor E. G. Bourne and little of the new interpretation of the Mexican War which has come from the work of Justin Smith. Finally, the period covered is the least important of the two half-centuries of far-western development. It is to be hoped that another volume will follow, treating the era from 1853 to the end of the frontier in 1890. It might not be too much to expect that in the meantime the author will attempt to catch something of the spirit of Turner's Frontier in American History and Paxson's The Last American Frontier.

HARRY ELMER BARNES.

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Synaesthetic Beauty

The Foundations of Aesthetics by C. K. Ogden, I. A. Richards and James Wood, with seventeen illustrations. George Allen & Unwin.

BEAUTY may be a mystery, but that is hardly a reason for the traditional practice of its devotees which makes talk about it a mystification. The mystification begins as a tale told first by Plato, and thereupon repeated after him, by each generation of æstheticians, acording to their various moods and matters and accents. The Fine Arts, so runs the tale, are arts of another origin and level than the residual arts of the civil life, and their fabrication and enjoyment are of another inspiration and destiny than those of the residual arts. Not so noble as philosophy or politics, nor so degraded as industry, they are nevertheless a shrine with Beauty for presence. Formalists, expressionists, technologists, psychologists, optimists, pessimists and every other *mist* and *ist* who ever wrote about art and beauty have held to this fable. The most sophisticated have been no less hierophantic than the most naïve, the skilled in the arts no less than the pure aesthetician uncontaminated by any experience with the arts. Those who reacted most against the fabulatory tradition have plunged most deeply in. They simply jumped into the same stream from the opposite side. How, then, could our authors elude a similar fate?

Not that they didn't try to. They set out bravely enough. They have written a compact, almost a laconic book, a book whose every proposition has the characteristic which the Freudians call "over-determined"—that is, it signifies and implies a great variety of referential origins. They give evidence of having read and understood and distilled into almost an ideational hieroglyph most of the effusions of the æstheticians. Both their arguments and their use of illustration reveal a lively and ironic sense of the futilities of their contemporaries and predecessors, and they dispose, for example, of the dialectic fatuousness of Signor Croce with the neatness and dispatch of surgeons. Withal, they realize that every theory of beauty which is a generalization from experience has, regardless of how false it may be as a generalization, some root in reality. They concede it this root. They declare themselves of hospitable catholicity with respect to theories of such a root. Aesthetics, they recognize, has multifold and plural fields. The object in an aesthetic experience is a complex form from which the experience selects one aspect or another. According to this selection, theory takes form. There come, hence, to be "if verbal conflicts are avoided, . . . many possible theories of beauty . . . not one only, the understanding of which may help in the appreciation of Art." And they enumerate sixteen such theories which are theories of record from the theory of Plato that beauty is a simple quality pertaining to objects, to their own theory that beauty is that in an object "which conduces to Synaesthesis." Then they review the fifteen theories not their own and produce—sometimes justly and skilfully and wittily and sometimes otherwise—reasons for rejecting each in its turn. So that, at last, none is left but their own as the one and only kindly light leading to Beauty.

And this one is endowed with all the stigmata of aesthetic theory of the high tradition—the ineffable reference, the glamour of authority from far places and ancient doctrine. The doctrine is Confucian; its occidental equivalent is the theory of humors by which Ben Jonson guided his art. It is the doctrine of Chung Yung, of equilibrium and harmony, for which the authors' equivalent is Synaesthesis. "When anger, sorrow, joy, pleasure, are in being but are not manifested," says the Chung Yung, "the mind may be said to be in a state of Equilibrium; when the feelings are stirred and cooperate in due degree the mind may be said to be in a state of Harmony. Equilibrium is the great principle." Chung Yung or Synaesthesis, our writers hold, is the foundation of aesthetics. They find it to be the essential of the aesthetic experience. This, "fugitive and evanescent in the extreme," is a process wherein "impulses are aroused and sustained, which gradually increase in variety and degree of systematization. To these systems in their early stages will correspond the emotions such as joy, horror, melancholy, anger, and mirth; or attitudes, such as love, veneration, sentimentality. . . . The various impulses become further systematized and intensified. . . . A complete systematization takes the form of such an adjustment as will preserve free play to every impulse with entire avoidance of frustration. In an equilibrium of this kind, however momentary, we are experiencing beauty." As the condition is one "in which impulses are experienced *together*" it is, the authors think, best called Synaesthesis. There exists in it, furthermore, no tendency to action. "Our interest is not canalized in one direction we choose. We become impersonal or disinterested." At the same time, however, "we become more fully ourselves the more our impulses are engaged. .. our individuality becomes differentiated or isolated from the things around us. We become less mixed into other things. As we become more ourselves they become more themselves, because we are less dependent upon the particular impulses which they each arouse in us."

The amusing thing about this description of the aesthetic experience is that so far as it is true, it would serve equally well as a description of any act of interest or attention whatsoever. Each involves a systematization of aroused and sustained impulses, a cutting off from the objects not attended to, and so on, item for item. The one essential point of difference is the conception that in the aesthetic experience the system has no centre, that although the experience is an adjustment in which every impulse is in "free play . . . with entire avoidance of frustrations," it is nevertheless a "systematization" of all the impulses together. This conception is nonsense. It shows that the writers have not analysed actual aesthetic experiences but constructed a theoretical one. So far as the psychological facts go, there can be no systematization except about a focus or centre with a corresponding subordination of all the other impulses to—consequently with some degree of frustration by—the central one. A similar construction is made with reference to "action" and "canalization." Attention, in the aesthetic experience, is no less an action than in any other kind of experience. It is a narrow and complete canalization of interest upon its object, whatever that may be—dance or statue, story or sonata—an absorption of interest in this object, and therefore with no margin left for other objects; in the language of the writers, with no "mixing into" others. When attention lapses, for whatever reason, interest tends to flow in a new channel and to undertake another action. Talk about uncanalized interest and such like snarks is of the same value as talk about uninterested interest and unattending attention. Such talk has been possible only in the glamour of the fine arts and in the enclaves of the aesthetitians. It is a mystification due to the lack of a sufficiently empirical attitude toward beauty and its conditions.

H. M. KALLEN.

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The New Ethical Textbook

A Handbook of Ethical Theory, by George Stuart Fullerton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

PROFESSOR FULLERTON, lately of the Department of Philosophy in Columbia University, has written an attractively simple little textbook of ethical theory. While it does not seem likely that it will in any way supersede some of the books already in use, such as those of Seth, Muirhead and Mackenzie, it has the merit of being a thoroughly fresh and individual exposition, in no way dependent on its predecessors in the same field. Moreover it will be attractive to many as taking more definite issue with the new psychology than the older books were able to take. Indeed, in reading through Professor Fullerton's pages, one is more than ever impressed by the fact that almost every ethical doctrine turns on a point of psychological analysis.

Like other writers of ethical textbooks, Professor Fullerton has a theory of his own to defend. He calls it indifferently the Ethics of Reason or the Ethics of the Rational Social Will. Preparatory to the statement of this theory there is considerable discussion of the part played by reason in moral action. The recent debate in the pages of the Hibbert Journal between Professor McDougall and Dean Rashdall has shown us how very far this Kantian question is from being satisfactorily settled, and we look eagerly to see what Professor Fullerton has to say on the matter. But we are disappointed. The function of reason, we are told, is to decide between conflicting desires, very much as the presiding officer of a deliberative assembly decides between various proposals. But we are constrained to ask, on what grounds is reason to base its decisions? It is difficult to find a clear answer to this question in Professor Fullerton's discussion. It would seem that reason cannot possibly announce a decision, or give preference to one desire rather than another, unless it is itself in possession of some standard or principle. And that, of course, is what the rationalists, with Kant and Rashdall among them, claim—that reason has itself a standard of moral action to suggest.

One or two of Professor Fullerton's sentences have made us wonder whether American compositors should not be given plenipotentiary freedom with reference to the word "gotten." "I think," we read with reference to a certain doctrine, "it is to be gotten out of Hegel"; and four pages farther on, "I think the apparent quibbling can be gotten rid of."

JOHN BAILLIE.

Two Views of Education

Two Views of Education, with other papers chiefly on the study of literature, by Lane Cooper. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.50.

THIS volume, collecting fugitive papers of variable interest, derives its title from the concluding essay, the significance of which is greatly enhanced by prefixing the definite article. For in the last resort the two opposing views are believed to be fairly comprehensive, whatever the pedagogical theory or practice. Reaching back as they do to antiquity, and flourishing side by side ever since, the two views are not brought into juxtaposition here for the first time; by the aptness of his presentation, however, the writer has made the doctrine his own. From the numerous exponents of one or other view in ancient classical times, in the mediaeval Catholic era or the modern Protestant tradition, are chosen as standard-bearers two Genevans: John Calvin and Jean Jacques Rousseau. On Calvin's belief in "original sin" and total human depravity is founded, or reinforced, for modern times the educational system of rigorous discipline, whose end is to subdue the old Adam by hard study enforced by will-power—popularly symbolized in Britain by the beech-wand, in America by the hickory. One has but to recall Milton as pedagogue to enjoy the full flavor of this regimen. Effective it certainly was. Rousseau, on the contrary, established his theory on the original innate goodness of man. The child, naturally good, is vitiated by its first real contacts with universally degenerate mankind. Let the child be left to himself, unrestrained, unaided except for the removal of obstacles in the way of nature's fulfilling itself in him. The consequences of the two systems whose foundations are here exposed are far-reaching. Today, with an inept humanitarianism rampant in the most self-seeking of all ages, the latter is the popular formula; and it is somewhat characteristic of Mr. Cooper, the humanist, whose sympathies are with Milton and the disciplinarians, whose entire book adheres to their system, to admit nevertheless that there may be something in the latter view, and to steal away to a nondescript tertium quid. In the child are both "original sin" and original goodness—a contradiction that is overcome only in the practice of life itself. "For the artist—the poet, or painter, or musician—is a conscious and self-restraining workman, knowing what he does and directing his own action even while he gives way to the creative impulse." Thus similarly Hamlet to the players. "In fact, successful art, like successful life, is the systematic regulation of irregular impulse for the attainment of a predetermined end."

Of the humanistic life itself the writer, by a natural limitation of his subject, has less to say than of the preparation for it. Above all things it is a studious life, and not for the general. Constant intimacy with the great poets and thinkers of all times induces the state of mind that sees the present moment and its concerns in relation to a long past, with a certain aloofness. For the sake of happiness one must not probe into the present too unreservedly. Carlyle did not believe in the pursuit of happiness, which comes, if at all, as a by-product. Arthur Symons, in his own inimitable manner, tells how after laborious effort to overtake her he returns at night, wearied out, to find that, having waited at his door all the afternoon, she had just missed him in going out.

Mr. Cooper's art is largely one of quotation and paraphrase. The quoted passages, illustrating the constancy of agreement among the great writers upon the major issues of life, are in themselves excellent, and carry something of the fine enthusiasm which, as Goethe said, can do everything. With this infectious vitalizing power Mr. Cooper himself is over-abundantly gifted. Besides the great ones of the past on whom he depends, he leans upon the great ones of the present, cautiously. Literature and the American College, of a decade ago, said much that this book repeats, frequently better; where there is disagreement, the later book is not seldom at a disadvantage. By his infallible requirement of the doctorate for university instructors, for instance, he would rule out among the best teachers of today that very "Professor So-and-So, in sheer

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intellect the ablest man I ever met," who has had a hand in training the greatest teachers of English in America . . . and is still one of the great teachers of his day"—Professor George Lyman Kittredge, if one may be permitted to pierce through the anonymity. But the immense factual knowledge Mr. Cooper would require not seldom fails of the valuable synthesis which intuition, less acquirable, more dependent upon character and natural endowment, lights upon. His characterization of three powerful modern "sophists" is itself sophistry; to sprightly satire it sacrifices truth and fairness, despite the pusillanimous little footnote. To Evenus, "no mere college president," "an Oriental potentate"—the reader may insert N. M. B. if he will, Mr. Cooper is entirely welcome. Towards Prodicus, a sophist because forsooth after taking up larger duties he discontinued specialization and the reviewing of the new books in his science, and because he "measured the wisdom of the past in flea-skips," Mr. Cooper appears to bear a grudge for his royalties on some sixty inches of excellent literature. If classical education really suffered from his régime, it is now perforce as it was not then in a way to make good its claim. All the better, therefore. And what of the chief offender, Protagoras, of whom "a teacher in the Middle West has written a book—Protagoras: How to Know Him? This professor, indeed, a more penetrating writer than Mr. Cooper, did not find Protagoras a sophist. Nor did Sir Richard Jebb: "Nothing could be better than what he says as to the four cardinal qualities of Homer." That the writer should caricature a great and serious man, himself something of a classicist and not without his idiosyncracies, because of the sneer of a Goldwin Smith, is hardly in the interest of humanism. Most readers no doubt will perceive the distortion, however, and appreciate the satire upon certain vicious tendencies.

There is in this book so much that is excellent that one hopes Mr. Cooper will sometime give us a thoroughly humanistic volume, such as appears once in a while in Britain, wholly dissociated from academic restrictions. If he does, he will not fail of readers.

JOHN E. JACOBY.

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